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## ON THE DEATH OF MARY MAY GERARD.

Sleep on—sleep on—sweet child,  
I'll gently lay thee on thy bier;  
But oh! my heart is aching wild,  
And vainly would I hide the tear.

Sweet Mary May—how brief thy stay  
Amid the friends who hailed thy birth—  
How soon thy spirit passed away,  
From its ungenial mould of earth.

Thou wert my hope—sweet pallid flower,  
From heaven, my purest, warmest ray;  
But God has ta'en thee to his bower,  
To bloom more fair—my Mary May.

Sleep on, my babe—and pitying heaven  
Forgive me for these murmurings wild—  
My heart is crushed, and sorely riven,  
'Twas hard, indeed, to lose my child.

Yet sleep my babe—in peaceful rest—  
No sorrows now can mar thy way,  
For pillow'd on thy Maker's breast,  
Thou'll find repose, blest Mary May.

STEVEN.

April 1st, 1847.

## "LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION."

BY C. S.

"Lead us not into temptation,"  
While Youth's bloomy ways we tread;  
Mighty Lord of our salvation,  
Still thy blessings on us shed.  
If this earthly love be sin;  
If all be not pure within;  
Tenderly dispel our blindness;  
Speak, oh! speak to us, in kindness.

We are young, and we are erring;  
But we place our trust in Thee—  
Every thought to Thee referring,  
Guide us o'er life's treacherous sea,  
When the billows bounding rise  
Upward to the stormy skies—  
Listen to our supplication;  
Send, oh! send us thy salvation.  
When the angry waves subsiding,  
Soft we speed before the gale—  
Rosy Hopes our vessel guiding.  
Pleasure veering round the sail—  
Father, hide us in thine arms,  
From the world's deceitful charms!  
Save us from this fond affection;  
Cover us with thy protection.

Here our youthful hearts we tender,  
As our prayerful song we sing;  
Oh! accept the meek surrender,  
Gracious God, Almighty King!  
Save us from all sin and care;  
Grief, and darkness, and despair;  
Grant, oh! grant us thy salvation;  
"Lead us not into temptation!"

February 15, 1847.

## JOAN OF ARC.

In reference to M. Michelet's *History of France*.

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

What is to be thought of her! What is to be thought of the poor shepherd girl from the hills and forests of Lorraine, that—like the Hebrew shepherd boy from the hills and forests of Judea—rose suddenly out of the quiet, out of the safety, out of the religious inspiration, rooted in deep pastoral solitudes, to a station in the van of armies, and to the more perilous station at the right hand of kings! The Hebrew boy inaugurated his patriotic mission by an act, by a victorious act, such as no man could deny. But so did the girl of Lorraine, if we read her story as it was read by those who saw nearest. Adverse armies bore witness to the boy as no pretender: but so they did to the gentle girl. Judged by the voices of all who saw them from a station of good will, both were found true and loyal to any promises involved in their first acts. Enemies it was that made the difference between their subsequent fortunes. The boy rose—to a splendour and a noon-day prosperity, both personal and public, that rang through the records of his people, and became a bye-word amongst his posterity for a thousand years, until the sceptre was departing from Judah. The poor, forsaken girl, on the contrary, drank not herself from that cup of rest which she had secured for France. She never sang together with the songs that rose in her native Domremy, as echoes to the departing steps of invaders. She mingled not in the festive dances at Vaucouleurs which celebrated in rapture the redemption of France. No! for her voice was then silent. No! for her feet were dust. Pure, innocent, noble-hearted girl! whom, from earliest youth, ever I believed in as full of truth and self-sacrifice, this was

amongst the strongest pledges for thy side, that never once—no, not for a moment of weakness—didst thou revel in the vision of coronets and honour from man. Coronets for thee! Oh no! Honours, if they come when all is over, are for those that share thy blood. Daughter of Domremy, when the gratitude of thy king shall awaken, thou wilt be sleeping the sleep of the dead. Call her, King of France, but she will not hear thee! Cite her by thy apparitors to come and receive a robe of honour, but she will be found en contumace. When the thunders of Universal France, as even yet may happen, shall proclaim the grandeur of the poor shepherd girl that gave up all for her country—thy ear, young shepherd girl, will have been deaf for five centuries. To suffer and to do, that was thy portion in this life; to do—never for thyself, always for others; to suffer—never in the persons of generous champions, always in thy own:—that was thy destiny; and not for a moment was it hidden from thyself. Life, thou said st, is short: and the sleep, which is in the grave, is long! Let me use that life, so transitory, for the glory of those heavenly dreams destined to comfort the sleep which is so long. This pure creature—pure from every suspicion of even a visionary self-interest, even as she was pure in senses more obvious—never once did this holy child, as regarded herself, relax from her belief in the darkness that was travelling to meet her. She might not prefigure the very manner of her death; she saw not in vision perhaps the aerial attitude of the fiery scaffold, the spectators without end on every road pouring into Rouen as to a coronation, the surging smoke, the volleying flames, the hostile faces all around, the pitying eye that lurked but here and there until nature and imperishable truth broke loose from artificial restraints; these might not be apparent through the mists of the hurrying future. But the voice that called her to death, that she heard for ever.

Great was the throne of France even in those days, and great was he that sate upon it: but well Joanna knew that not the throne, nor he that sate upon it, was for her; but, on the contrary, that she was for them; not she by them, but they by her, should rise from the dust. Gorgeous were the lilies of France, and for centuries had the privilege to spread their beauty over land and sea, until, in another century, the wrath of God and man combined to wither them; but well Joanna knew early at Domremy she had read that bitter truth, that the lilies of France would decorate no garland for her. Flower nor bud, bell nor blossom, would ever bloom for her.

But stop. What reason is there for taking up this subject of Joanna precisely in this spring of 1847? Might it not have been left till the spring of 1847? or, perhaps, left till called for? Yes, but it is called for; and clamorously. You are aware, reader, that amongst the many original thinkers, whom modern France has produced, one of the reputed leaders is M. Michelet. All these writers are of a revolutionary cast; not in a political sense merely, but in all senses: mad, oftentimes, as March hares; crazy with the laughing-gass of recovered liberty; drunk with the wine-cup of their mighty Revolution; snorting, whinnying, throwing up their heels, like wild horses in the boundless Pampas, and running races of defiance with snipes, or with the winds, or with their own shadows, if they can find nothing else to challenge. Some time or other, I, that have leisure to read, may introduce you, that have not, to two or three dozen of these writers: of whom I can assure you beforehand that they are often profound, and at intervals are even as impassioned as if they were some of our best English blood, and sometimes (because it is not pleasant that people should be too easy to understand) almost as obscure as if they had been suckled by transcendental German nurses. But now, confining our attention to M. Michelet—who is quite sufficient to lead a man into a gallop, requiring two relays, at least, of fresh readers;—we in England—who know him best by his worst book, the book against Priests, &c., which has been most circulated—know him disadvantageously. That book is a rhapsody of incoherence. M. Michelet was high-healed, I believe, when he wrote it: and it is well that his keepers overtook him in time to intercept a second part. But his History of France is quite another thing. A man, in whatsoever craft he sails, cannot stretch away out of sight when he is linked to the windings of the shore by towing ropes of history. Facts, and the consequences of facts, draw the writer back to the falconer's lure from the giddiest heights of speculation. Here, therefore—in his France—if not always free from flightiness, if now and then off like a rocket for an airy wheel in the clouds, M. Michelet, with natural politeness, never forgets that he has left a large audience waiting for him on earth, and gazing upwards in anxiety for his return: return, therefore, he does. But History, though clear of certain temptations in one direction, has separate dangers of its own. It is impossible so to write a History of France, or of England—works becoming every hour more indispensible to the inevitably-political man of this day—without perilous openings for assault. If I, for instance, on the part of England, should happen to turn my labours in that channel, and (on the model of Lord Percy going to Chevy Chase)—

"A vow to God should make

My pleasure in the Michelet woods

Three summer days to take,"

—probably from simple delirium, I might hunt M. Michelet into delirium tremens. Two strong angels stand by the side of History, whether French History or English, as heraldic supporters: the angel of Research on the left hand, that must read millions of dusty parchments, and of pages blotted with lies; the angel of Meditation on the right hand, that must cleanse these lying records with fire, even as of old the draperies of asbestos were cleansed, and must quicken them into regenerated life. Willingly I acknowledge that no man will ever avoid innumerable errors of detail: with so vast a compass of ground to traverse, this is impossible; but such errors (though I have a bushel on hand, at M. Michelet's service) are not the game I chase: it is the bitter and unfair spirit in which M. Michelet writes against England. Even that, after all, is but my secondary object: the real one is Joanna, the Pucelle d'Orleans, for herself.

I am not going to write the History of La Pucelle : to do this, or even circumstantially to report the history of her persecution and bitter death, of her struggle with false witnesses and with ensnaring judges, it would be necessary to have before us all the documents, and, therefore, the collection only now forthcoming in Paris. But my purpose is narrower. There have been great thinkers, disdaining the careless judgments of contemporaries, who have thrown themselves boldly on the judgment of a far posterity, that should have had time to review, to ponder, compare. There have been great actors on the stage of tragic humanity that might, with the same depth of confidence, have appealed from the levity of compatriot friends—to heartless for the sublime interest of their story, and too impatient for the labour of sifting its perplexities—to the magnanimity and justice of enemies. To this class belongs the Maid of Arc. The Romans were too faithful to the ideal of grandeur in themselves not to relent, after a generation or two, before the grandeur of Hannibal Mithridates—a more doubtful person—yet, merely for the magic perseverance of his indomitable malice, won from the same Romans the only real honour that ever he received on earth. And we English have ever shown the same homage to stubborn enmity. To work unflinchingly for the ruin of England ; to say through life, by word and by deed—*Delenda est Anglia Victrix!* that one purpose of malice, faithfully pursued, has quartered some people upon our national funds of homage as by a perpetual annuity. Better than an inheritance of service rendered to England herself, has sometimes proved the most insane hatred to England. Hyder Ali, even his far inferior son Tippoo, and Napoleon—have all benefitted by this disposition amongst ourselves to exaggerate the merit of diabolical enmity. Not one of these men was ever capable, in a solitary instance, of praising an enemy—[what do you say to that, reader?] and yet, in their behalf, we consent to forget, not their crimes only, but (which is worse) their hideous bigotry and anti-magnanimous egotism : for nationality it was not. Suffrein, and some half dozen of other French nautical heroes, because rightly they did us all the mischief they could, [which was really great] are names justly reverenced in England. On the same principle, La Pucelle d'Orleans, the victorious enemy of England, has been destined to receive her deepest commemoration from the magnanimous justice of Englishmen.

Joanna, as in England we should call her, but, according to her own statement, Jeanne (or, as M. Michelet asserts, Jean) d'Arc was born at Domremy, a village on the marches of Lorraine and Champagne, and dependent upon the town of Vaucoulers. I have called her a Lorrainer, not simply because the word is prettier, but because Champagne too odiously reminds us English of what are for us imaginary wines, which, undoubtedly, La Pucelle tasted as rarely as we English ; we English, because the Champagne of London is chiefly grown in Devonshire ; La Pucelle, because the Champagne of Champagne never, by any chance, flowed into the fountain of Domremy, from which only she drank. M. Michelet will have her to be a Champenoise, and for no better reason than that she "took after her father," who happened to be a Champenois. I am sure she did not : for her father was a filthy old fellow, whom I shall soon teach the judicious reader to hate. But, (says M. Michelet, arguing the case physiologically) "she had none of the Lorrainian asperity;" no, it seems she had only "the gentleness of Champagne, its simplicity mingled with sense and acuteness, as you find it in Joinville." All these things she had ; and she was worth a thousand Joinvilles, meaning either the prince so called, or the fine old crusader. But still, though I love Joanna dearly, I cannot shut my eyes entirely to the Lorraine element of "asperity" in her nature. No ; really now, she must have had a shade of that, though very slightly developed—a mere suspicion, as French cooks express it in speaking of cayenne pepper, when she caused so many of our throats to be cut. But could she do less ? No : I always say so ; but still you never saw a person kill even a trout with a perfectly "Champagne" face of "gentleness and simplicity," though often, no doubt, with considerable "acuteness." All your cooks and butchers wear a Lorraine cast of expression.

These disputes, however, turn on refinements too nice. Domremy stood upon the frontiers ; and, like other frontiers, produced a mixed race representing the cis and the trans. A river (it is true) formed the boundary line at this point—the river Meuse ; and that in old days might have divided the populations ; but in these days it did not—there were bridges, there were ferries, and weddings crossed from the right bank to the left. Here lay two great roads, not so much for travellers, that were few, as for armies that were too many by half. These two roads, one of which was the great high road between France and Germany, decussated at this very point ; which is a learned way of saying that they formed a St. Andrew's cross, or letter of X. I hope the compositor will choose a good large X, in which case the point of intersection, the locus of conflux for these four diverging arms, will finish the reader's geographical education, by showing him to a hair's breadth where it was that Domremy stood. These roads, so grandly situated, as great trunk arteries between two mighty realms,\* and haunted for ever by wars or rumours of wars, decussated (for anything I know to the contrary) absolutely under Joanna's bed-room window ; one rolling away to the right, past Monsieur D'Arc's old barn, and the other, unaccountably preferring, (but there's no disputing about tastes), to sweep round that odious man's pigsty to the left.

Things being situated as is here laid down, viz., in respect of the decussation, and in respect of Joanna's bed room ; it follows that, if she had dropped her glove by accident from her chamber window into the very bull's-eye of the target, in the centre of X, not one of several great potentates could (though all animated by the sincerest desires for the peace of Europe) have possibly come to any clear understanding on the question of whom the glove was meant for. Whence the candid reader perceives at once the necessity for at least four bloody wars. Falling indeed a little farther, as for instance, into the pigsty, the glove could not have furnished to the most peppery prince any shadow of excuse for arming : he would not have had a leg to stand upon in taking such a perverse line of conduct. But, if it fell (as by the hypothesis it did) into the one sole point of ground common to four kings, it is clear that, instead of no leg to stand upon, eight separate legs would have had no ground to stand upon unless by treading on each other's toes. The philosopher, therefore, sees clearly the necessity of a war, and regrets that sometimes nations do not wait for grounds of war so solid.

In the circumstances supposed, though the four kings might be unable to see their way clearly without the help of gunpowder to any decision upon Joanna's intention, she—poor thing!—never could mistake her intentions for a moment. All her love was for France ; and, therefore, any glove she might drop into the quadrivium must be wickedly missent by the post-office, if it found its way to any king but the king of France.

On whatever side of the border chance had thrown Joanna, the same love

\* And reminding one of that inscription, so justly admired by Paul Richter, which a Russian Czarina placed on a guide post near Moscow.—*This is the road that leads to Constantinople.*

to France would have been nurtured. For it is a strange fact, noticed by M. Michelet and others, that the Dukes of Bar and Lorraine had for generations pursued the policy of eternal warfare with France on their own account, yet also of eternal amity and league with France in case anybody else presumed to attack her. Let peace settle upon France, and before long you might rely upon seeing the little vixen Lorraine flying at the throat of France. Let France be assailed by a formidable enemy, and instantly you saw a Duke of Lorraine or Bar insisting on having his throat cut in support of France ; which favour accordingly was cheerfully granted to them in three great successive battles by the English and by the Turkish Sultan, viz., at Crecy, at Nicopolis, and at Agincourt.

This sympathy with France during great eclipses in those that during ordinary seasons were always teasing her with brawls and guerrilla incursions, strengthened the natural piety to France of those that were confessedly the children of her own house. The outposts of France, as one may call the great frontier provinces, were of all localities the most devoted to the *Fleurs de Lys*. To witness, at any great crisis, the generous devotion to these lilies of the little fiery cousin that in gentler weather was for ever tilting at her breast, could not but fan the zeal of the legitimate daughter : whilst to occupy a post of honour on the frontiers against an old hereditary enemy of France, would naturally have stimulated this zeal by a sentiment of martial pride, had there even been no other stimulant to zeal by a sense of danger always threatening, and of hatred always smouldering. That great four-headed road was a perpetual memento to patriotic ardour. To say, this way lies the road to Paris—and that other way to Aix-la-Chapelle, this to Prague, that to Vienna—nourished the warfare of the heart by daily ministrations of sense. The eye that watched for the gleams of lance or helmet from the hostile frontier, the ear that listened for the groaning of wheels, made the highroad itself, with its relations to centres so remote, into a manual of patriotic enmity.

The situation, therefore, *locally* of Joanna was full of profound suggestions to a heart that listened for the stealthy steps of change and fear that too surely were in motion. But if the place were grand, the times, the burthen of the times, was far more so. The air overhead in its upper chambers was *hurling* with the obscure sound ; was dark with sullen fermenting of storms that had been gathering for a hundred and thirty years. The battle of Agincourt in Joanna's childhood had re-opened the wounds of France. Crecy and Poictiers, those withering overthrows for the chirality of France, had been tranquillised by more than half a century ; but this resurrection of their trumpet wails made the whole series of battles and endless skirmishes take their stations as parts in one drama. The graves that had closed sixty years ago, seemed to fly open in sympathy with a sorrow that echoed their own. The monarchy of France laboured in extremity, rocked and reeled like a ship fighting with the darkness of monsoons. The madness of the poor King (Charles VI.) falling in at such a crisis, like the case of women labouring in child-birth during the storming of a city, trebled the awfulness of the time.

Even the wild story of the incident which had immediately occasioned the explosion of this madness—the case of a man unknown, gloomy, and perhaps maniac himself, coming out of a forest at noonday, laying his hand upon the bridle of the King's horse, checking him for a moment to say, "Oh, King, though art betrayed" and then vanishing, no man knew whither as he had appeared for no man knew what—fell in with the Universal prostration of mind that laid France on her knees as before the slow unweaving of some ancient prophetic doom. The famines, the extraordinary diseases, the insurrections of the peasantry up and down Europe, these were chords struck from the same mysterious harp : but these were transitory chords. There had been others of deeper and more ominous sound. The termination of the crusades, the destruction of the Templars, the Papal interdicts, the tragedies caused or suffered by the House of Anjou, by the Emperor—these were full of a more permanent significance ; but since then the colossal figure of feudalism was seen standing as it were on tiptoe at Creek for flight from earth ; that was a revolution unparalleled ; yet that was a trifle by comparison with the more fearful revolutions that were mining below the Church. By her own internal schisms by, the abominable spectacle of a double Pope—so that no man, except through political bias, could even guess which was Heaven's vicegerent, and which the creature of hell—she was already rehearsing, as in still earlier forms she had rehearsed, the first rent in her foundations (reserved for the coming century) which no man should ever heal.

These were the loftiest peaks of the cloudland in the skies that to the scientific gazer first caught the colours of the new morning in advance. But the whole vast range alike of sweeping glooms overhead, dwelt upon all meditative minds, even those that could not distinguish altitudes nor decipher the forms. It was, therefore, not her own age alone, as affected by its immediate calamities, that lay with such weight upon Joanna's mind ; but her own age, as one section in a vast mysterious drama, unweaving through a century back, and drawing nearer continually to crisis after crisis. Cataracts and rapids were heard roaring ahead : and signs were seen far back, by help of old men's memories, which answered secretly to signs now coming forward on the eye even as locks answer to keys. It was not wonderful that in such a haunted solitude, with such a haunted heart, Joanne should see angelic visions, and hear angelic voices. These voices whispered to her the duty, imposed upon herself, of delivering France. Five years she listened to these monitory voices with internal struggles. At length she could resist no longer. Doubt gave way ; and she left her home in order to present herself at the Dauphin's court.

The education of this poor girl was mean according to the present standard ; was ineffably grand, according to a purer philosophic standard ; and only not good for our age, because for us it would be unattainable. She read nothing for she could not read, but she had heard others read parts of the Roman martyrology. She wept in sympathy with the sad Misericordies of the Romish chanting ; she rose to heaven with the glad triumphant Gloria in Excelsis : she drew her comfort and her vital strength from the rites of her church. But next after the spiritual advantages, she owed most to the advantages of her situation. The fountain of Domremy was on the brink of a boundless forest ; and it was haunted to that degree by fairies that the parish priest (curé) was obliged to read mass there once a year, in order to keep them in any decent bounds. Fairies are important, even in a statistical view, certain weds mark poverty in the soil, fairies mark its solitude. As surely as the wolf returns before cities, does the fairy sequester herself from the haunts of licensed victuallers. A village is too much for her nervous delicacy ; at most, she can tolerate a distant view of a hamlet. We may judge, therefore, by the uneasiness and extra trouble which they gave to the parson, what strength the fairies mustered at Domremy, and, by the satisfactory consequence, how thinly sown with men and women must have been that region even in its inhabited spots. But the forests of Domremy—those were the glories of the land : for, in them bode mysterious powers and ancient secrets that towered with tragic strength. "Abbeys there were, and

abbey windows, dim and dimly seen—as Moorish temples of the Hindoos," that exercised even princely power both in Lorraine and in the German Diets. These had their sweet bells that pierced the forests for many a league at matins or vespers, and each its own dreamy legend. Few enough, and scattered enough, were these abbeys, in no degree to disturb the deep solitude of the region many enough to spread a net-work or awning of Christian sanctity over what else might have seemed a heathen wilderness. The sort of religious talisman being secured, man the most afraid of ghosts (like myself, suppose, or the reader) becomes armed into courage to wander for days in their shades and recesses. The mountains of the Vosges on the eastern frontier of France, have never attracted much notice from Europe, except in 1813—14, for a few brief months, when they fell within Napoleon's line of defence against the Allies. But they are interesting for this, amongst other features—that they do not, like some loftier ranges, repel woods: the forests and they are on sociable terms. Live and let live is their motto. For this reason, in part, these tracts in Lorraine were a favourite hunting ground with the Carlovingian princes. About six hundred years before Joanna's childhood, Charlemagne was known to have hunted there.

That, of itself, was a grand incident in the traditions of a forest or a chace. In these forests, also, were to be found (if the race was not extinct) those mysterious fawns that tempted solitary hunters into visionary and perilous pursuits. Here was seen, at intervals, that ancient stag who was already nine hundred years old, at the least, but possibly a hundred or two more, when met by Charlemagne; and the thing was put beyond doubt by the inscription upon his golden collar. I believe Charlemagne knighted the stag; and, if ever he is met again by a king he ought to be made an earl—or, being upon the marches of France a marquess. Observe I don't absolutely vouch for all these things: my own opinion varies. On a fine breezy forenoon I am audaciously sceptical; but as twilight sets in, my credulity becomes equal to anything that could be desired.

And I have heard candid sportsmen declare that, outside these very forests near the Vosges, they laughed loudly at all the dam tales connected with their haunted solitudes; but, on reaching a spot notoriously eighteen miles deep within them, they agreed with Sir Roger de Coverley that a good deal might be said on both sides.

Such traditions, or any others that (like the stag) connect distant generations with each other, are, for that cause, sublime; and the sense of the shadowy, connected with such appearances that reveal themselves or not according to circumstances, leaves a colouring of sanctity over ancient forests, even in those minds that utterly reject the legend as a fact.

But, apart from all distinct stories of that order, in any solitary frontier between two great empires, as here, for instance, or in the desert between Syria and the Euphrates, there is an inevitable tendency, in minds of any deep sensibility to people the solitudes with phantom images of powers that were of old so vast. Joanna, therefore, in her quiet occupation of a shepherdess, would be continually to brood over the political condition of her country, by the traditions of the past no less than by the mementoes of the local present.

M. Michelet, indeed, says that La Pucelle was not a shepherdess. I beg his pardon: she was. What he rests upon, I guess pretty well; it is the evidence of a woman called Haumette, the most confidential friend of Joanna. Now, she is a good witness, and a good girl, and I like her; for she makes a natural and affectionate report of Joanna's ordinary life. But still, however good she may be as a witness, Joanna is better; and she, when speaking to the Dauphin, calls herself in the Latin report Bergereta. Even Haumette confesses that Joanna tended sheep in her girlhood. And I believe, that, if Miss Haumette were taking coffee alone with me this very evening (February 12, 1847)—in which there would be no subject for scandal or for maiden blushes, because I am an intense philosopher, and Miss H. would be hard upon 450 years old—she would admit the following comment upon her evidence to be right. A Frenchman, about thirty years ago, M. Simon, in his *Travels*, mentioned incidentally the following hideous scene as one steadily observed and watched by himself in France at a period some trifles before the French Revolution:—A peasant was ploughing; and the team that drew his plough was a donkey and a woman. Both were regularly harnessed; both pulled alike. This is bad enough; but the Frenchman adds—that, in distributing his lashes, the peasant was obviously desirous of being impartial: or, if either of the yoke-fellows had a right to complain, certainly it was not the donkey. Now, in any country, where such degradation of females could be tolerated by the state of manners, a woman of delicacy would shrink from acknowledging, either for himself or for herself or her friend, that she had ever been addicted to any mode of labour not strictly domestic; because if once owning herself a predestined servant, she would be sensible that this confession extended by probability in the hearer's thoughts to having incurred indignities of this horrible kind. Haumette clearly thinks it more dignified for Joanna to have been daring the stockings of her horny-hoofed father Monsieur D'Arc, than keeping sheep, lest she might then be suspected of having ever done something worse. But, luckily, there was no danger of that: Joanna never was in service, and my opinion is that her father should have mended his own stockings, since probably he was the party to make the holes in them, as many a better man than D'Arc does; meaning by that not myself, because, though certainly a better man than D'Arc, I protest against doing anything of the kind. If I lived even with Friday in Juan Fernandez, either Friday must do all the darning or else it must go undone. The better men that I meant were the sailors in the British Navy, every man of whom mends his own stockings. Who else is to do it? Do you suppose, reader, that the junior lords of the Admiralty are under articles to dare for the Navy?

The reason, meantime, for my systematic hatred of D'Arc is this. There was a story current in France before the Revolution, framed to ridicule the pauper aristocracy, who happened to have long pedigrees and short rent rolls, viz., that a head of such a house, dating from the Crusades, was overheard saying to his son, a Chevalier of St. Louis, "Chevalier, as-tu donne au cochon un mangeur?" Now, it is clearly made out by the surviving evidence, that D'Arc would much have preferred continuing to say—"Ma fille, as-tu donne au cochon à manger?" to saying "Pucelle d'Orléans, as-tu souve les fleurs-de-lys?" There is an old English copy of verses which argues thus:

"If the man, that turnips cries,  
Cry not when his father dies—  
Then 'tis plain the man had rather  
Have a turnip than his father."

I cannot say that the logic of these verses was ever entirely to my satisfaction. I do not see my way through it as clearly as could be wished. But I see my way through D'Arc; and the result is—that he would greatly have preferred not merely a turnip to his father, but the saving a pound or so of bacon to saving the Oriflamme of France.

It is probable (as M. Michelet suggests) that the title of Virgin, or Pucelle,

had in itself, and apart from the miraculous stories about her, a secret power over the rude soldiery and partisan chiefs of that period; for in such a person, they saw a representative manifestation of the Virgin Mary, who, in a course of centuries, had grown steadily upon the popular heart.

As to Joanna's supernatural detection of the Dauphin (Charles VII.) amongst three hundred lords and knights, I am surprised at the credulity which could ever lend itself to that theatrical juggle. Who admires more than myself the sublime enthusiasm, the rapturous faith in herself, of this pure creature? But I admire not stage artifices, which not La Pucelle, but the Court, must have arranged; nor can surrender myself a dupe to a conjuror's *jeu-de-main*, such as may be seen every day for a shilling. Southey's "Joan of Arc" was published in 1796. Twenty years after, talking with Southey, I was surprised to find him still owning a secret bias in favour of Joan, founded on her detection of the Dauphin. The story, for the benefit of the reader new to the case, was this:—La Pucelle was first made known to the Dauphin, and presented to his Court, at Chinon; and here came her first trial. She was to find out the royal personage amongst the whole ark of clean and unclean creatures. Failing in this *coup d'essai*, she would not simply disappoint many a beating heart in the glittering crowd that in different motives yearned for her success, but she would ruin herself—and, as the oracle within had told her, would ruin France. Our own sovereign lady Victoria rehearses annually a trial not so severe in degree, but the same in kind. She "pricks" for sheriffs. Joanna pricked for a king. But observe the difference: our own lady pricks for two men out of three: Joanna for one man out of three hundred. Happy Lady of the islands and the orient!—she can go astray in her choice only by one half; to the extent of one half she must have the satisfaction of being right. And yet, even with these tight limits to the misery of a boundless discretion, permit me, liege Lady, with all loyalty, to submit—that now and then you prick with your pin the wrong man. But the poor child from Domremy, shrinking under the gaze of a dazzling court—not because dazzling (for in visions she had seen those that were more so), but because some of them wore a scoffing smile on their features—how should she throw her line into so deep river to angle for a king, where many a gay creature was sporting that masqueraded as kings in dress? Nay, even more than any true king would have done: for, in Southey's version of the story, the Dauphin says, by way of trying the virgin's magnetic sympathy with royalty,

—“on the throne,  
I the while mingling with the menial throng,  
Some courtier shall be seated.”

This usurper is even crowned: “the jewell'd crown shines on a menial's head.” But really, that is “un peu fort;” and the mob of spectators might raise a scruple whether our friend the jackdaw upon the throne, and the Dauphin himself, were not grazing the shins of treason. For the Dauphin could not lend more than belonged to him. According to the popular notion, he had no crown for himself, but, at most, a *petit écu*, worth thirty pence; consequently none to lend, on any pretence whatever, until the consecrated Maid should take him to Rheims. This was the popular notion in France. The same notion as to the indispensableness of a coronation prevails widely in England. But, certainly, it was the Dauphin's interest to support the popular notion, as he meant to use the services of Joanna. For, if he were king already, what was it that she could do for him beyond Orleans? And above all, if he were king without coronation, and without the oil from the sacred ampulla, what advantage was yet open to him by celerity above his competitor the English boy? Now was to be a race for a coronation: he that should win that race, carried the superstition of France along with him. Trouble us not, lawyer, with your quibbles. We are illegal blockheads; so thoroughly without law, that we don't know even if we have a right to be blockheads; and our mind is made up—that the first man drawn from the oven of coronation at Rheims, is the man that is baked into a king. All others are counterfeits, made of base Indian meal—damaged by sea-water.—(To be continued.)

### THE BRITISH NAVY.

A History of the Royal Navy, from the earliest times to the Wars of the French Revolution. By Sir N. Harris Nicolas, G.C., M.G. Vol. I, 8vo. Pp. 462. London, R. Bentley.

Sir Harris Nicolas is most fortunate in his choice of subjects, and in devoting his habits of diligent research and general ability to themes which require all the former, and are worthy of the latter. No sooner has he completed the memoirs of the greatest naval hero of England, than he starts afresh with the arm by which he achieved his fame, the navy itself, and has here begun a history which, when finished, bids fair to be such as the sea-girt island and ruler of the waves ought to have dedicated to its ages of maritime exploit and immortal glory. “Almost every thing” (observes the preface) “that has been hitherto published on the maritime affairs of England before the sixteenth century was derived from the accounts given by chroniclers of sea-fights and predatory incursions; but such narratives afford a very imperfect idea of the size and equipment of ships, and contain none of those details with which the public records abound, and from which alone a satisfactory knowledge of the creation, progress, and regular organisation of the Royal Navy can be obtained. These genuine and copious sources of information have never before (incredible as it must seem) been consulted for a history of the English Navy; and from the immense mass of facts which they yield, an authentic, and, it is hoped, a valuable and interesting History of the Royal Navy may be written. The design of this work will perhaps be best understood, by describing the plan and contents of the present volume. No better mode of treating the subject suggested itself, than to consider, that it admitted of two divisions: 1. The Civil History; containing the formation, economy, and government of the Navy. 2. The Military History. To the first division belong the construction, the size, rig, appearance, tonnage, armament, stores, equipment, and expense of the various classes of vessels; the manner in which ships and seamen were obtained by the Crown, and the number and description of the officers and crews, their pay, provisions, prize-money, and discipline. Under this division everything else relating to the Navy has been noticed; namely, the Cinque-Ports, dock yards, lighthouses, pilotage, maritime laws, the law of wreck, taxes and other contributions for naval subsidies, the Court of Admiralty, the right of England to the sovereignty of the seas, the invention of the compass and of the modern rudder, the national flag, &c. To these statements are added biographical notices of the admirals and other persons who have been eminently distinguished for their talents or prowess at sea. The second division treats only of active naval proceedings; that is to say, the employment of ships in piratical acts, military expeditions, remarkable voyages, and, of course, all sea-fights.”

Such is the plan. The volume commences with a brief notice of all that can be gathered respecting the British, Roman, Saxon, and Danish wars, and pauses but shortly on the Norman invasion. A curious remark is made on the

latter struggles, namely, that every invader and conqueror was in reality an enemy to the mixed descendants of his own forefathers, and not as generally viewed a foreign foe engaged in hostilities against a different race of men. The early fleets of England were composed of vessels belonging to the Crown and vessels belonging to the People, and all were jealously preserved for the service of the nation :

"It seems scarcely possible that admirals and a court of admiralty should have existed so early as the time of Henry the First. Lord Coke only claims for that Court an existence 'long before the reign of Edward the Third'; but his commentator, the learned Prynne, states that he had seen an ordinance made at Ipswich in the reign of King Henry the First, by the admirals of the north and west, and other lords and divers kings before that time, containing the manner of outlawing and banishing persons attainted of felony or trespass in the admiral's court; 'by which it was,' he said, apparent that there was an admiral's court, and proceedings in it, even in criminal and capital causes relating to mariners and seamen, as well as in civil, in the reign of King Henry the First, derived from our Saxon kings, Alfred, Edgar, Ethelred, and others, who had the dominion of the British ocean, which continued in use till the reign of King Richard the First." The only payment which is known to be made by Henry for any naval purpose was in 1130, when forty shillings were charged the king by Anketil de Wirc in his accounts of the revenues of the county of Durham, which he had laid out in purchasing two ships.

"In 1181, Henry the Second issued an ordinance regulating the quantity of arms which persons of various ranks were to furnish for the defence of the realm, and which contains a remarkable clause respecting the Navy. The justices itinerant were commanded to declare in each county, that no one under the heaviest penalties should buy or sell any ship to be taken from England, nor induce any seamen to go out of England. The two great marts for foreign commerce in the twelfth century were London and Bristol. William of Malmesbury says, 'The noble city of London, rich in the wealth of its citizens, is filled with the goods of merchants from every land, and especially from Germany; whence it happens that when there is a dearth in England, on account of bad harvests, provisions can be bought there cheaper than elsewhere; and foreign merchandise is brought to the city by the famous river Thames.' Of Bristol he observes, that 'its haven was a receptacle for ships coming from Ireland and Norway, and other foreign lands; lest a region so blessed with native riches should be deprived of the benefits of foreign commerce.' The trade with Germany was particularly mentioned in a letter from Henry the Second to the Emperor Frederick, in the year 1157. Let there,' he says, 'be between ourselves and our subjects an indivisible unity of friendship and peace, and safe trade of merchandise.' The reign of Richard Cœur de Lion forms the first great epoch in the naval history of England. Ships of a much larger size, and of various descriptions, were constructed; voyages were performed to the Mediterranean; codes of marine law were established; and a British armament made conquests in distant seas. The English Navy seems to have consisted chiefly, if not entirely, of large galleys, afterwards called galliasses and galones, small and light galleys for war, and of busses, which were large ships of burden, with a bluff bow and bulging sides, chiefly used for the conveyance of troops, stores, provisions, and merchandise. No drawing or description of English ships before the reign of King Edward the Second justifies the idea that they had more than one mast; but some of the busses in the fleet which accompanied King Richard the First from Messina to Cyprus are said to have had a 'three fold expansion of sails'; an ambiguous expression which may mean that they had three sails on one mast, or that the sails were affixed to two more masts."

"Although it is uncertain whether any English ships were engaged in the conflicts with the Saracens before the arrival of Richard the First in Palestine, yet, as the accounts given by Vinesau of two sea-fights are perhaps the only existing descriptions of the naval warfare of the period, it is desirable to insert a literal translation of his curious narrative. The first of these battles appears to have taken place about Easter, 1190: 'The people of the town (Acre) ill-brooked their loss of the liberty of the sea and resolved to try what they could effect in a naval battle. They brought out their galleys, therefore, two by two, and preserving a seemly array in their advance, rowed out to the open sea to fight the approaching enemy: and our men preparing to receive them, since there appeared no escape, hastened to the encounter. On the other hand, our people manned the war-fleet, and, making an oblique circuit to the left, removed to a distance, so that the enemy should not be denied free egress. When they had advanced on both sides, our ships were disposed in a curved and not a straight line; so that, if the enemy attempted to break through, they might be enclosed and defeated. The ends of the line being drawn out in a sort of crescent, the stronger were placed in front, so that a sharper onset might be made by us, and that of the enemy be checked. In the upper tiers the shields interlaced were placed circularly; and the rowers sat close together, that those placed above might have freer scope. The still and tranquil sea, as if fated to receive the battle, became calm; so that neither the blow of the warrior, nor the stroke of the rorer, might be impeded by the waves. Advancing nearer to each other, the trumpets sounded on both sides and mingled their dread clangour. First they contended with missiles; but our men, invoking the Divine aid, more earnestly plied their oars, and pierced the enemy's ships with the beaks of their own. Soon the battle became general; the oars were entangled; they fought hand to hand; they grappled the ships with alternate casts, and set the decks on fire with the burning oil commonly called the Greek fire. This fire, with a deadly stench and livid flames, consumes flint and iron; and, unquenchable by water, can only be extinguished by sand or vinegar. What more direful than a naval conflict? What more fatal, where so various a fate involves the combatants? for they are either burnt and writh in the flames, shipwrecked and are swallowed by the waves, or wounded and they perish by arms! There was one galley which, through the rashness of our men, turned its side close to the enemy; and thus ignited by the fire thrown on board, admitted the Turks who rushed in on all parts. The rowers seized with terror leapt into the sea, but a few soldiers, who from their heavier arms and ignorance of swimming remained through desperation, took courage to fight. An unequal battle raged; but by the Lord's help, the few overcame the many, and retook the half-burned ship from the beaten foe. But another was boarded by the enemy, who had gained the upper deck, having driven off its defenders; those, however, to whom the lower station had been assigned, strove to escape by the aid of the rowers. A wonderful, truly, and a piteous struggle! or the oars rending in different directions by the impulse of the Turks, the galley was urged hither and thither our men, however, prevailed; and the enemy rowing above were thrust off by the Christians and yielded. In this naval conflict the diverse side lost both a galley and a galliass with their crews; and our men, enlhart and rejoicing, achieved a glorious and solemn triumph. Drawing the hostile galley with them to the shore, the victors exposed it to be destroyed by our people of both sexes."

who met it by land. Then our women seized and dragged the Turks by their hair, beheaded them, treating them with every indignity, and savagely stabbing them; and the weaker their hands, so much the more protracted were the pains of death to the vanquished, for they cut off their heads, not with swords, but knives. No similar sea-fight so fatal had ever been seen, no victory achieved with so much peril and loss."

"The other engagement is of greater interest, as it shews the manner in which galleys were employed in attacking fortresses:—Meanwhile the Pisans and others skilled in naval tactics, to whom the siege of the town by sea was committed, erected a machine upon the galleys in the form of a castle with bulwarks, so that it might overtop the walls, and afford an easy means of throwing darts. Moreover, they made two ladders with steps, by which the summit of the walls might be gained. They then covered all those things and the galleys with extended hides, that they might be protected from injury, either from iron, or any missile whatsoever. All being prepared, the besiegers approached the 'Tower of the Flies,' which they attacked furiously with the discharge of cross-bows and darts. Those within manfully resisted them, with neither unequal strength nor success; for, when our men slew any of them, they delayed not to retaliate. And in order the more heavily to crush them, or drive them off the more easily, about two thousand Turks went out of the city to the galleys, to aid the besieged in the tower, while they harassed the Pisans on the opposite side. But our chosen warriors having advanced their engines as commodiously as they could to the tower, some began to throw great anchors at the tower, and whatsoever came to their hands, wood or masses of stone, or showers of darts; others, as they were disposed, were not slow to carry on a naval conflict with those at sea. The shields yielded to the anchors thrown against the tower, and were broken up. The tower indeed was assailed with wonderful and insupportable fury; one party succeeding another when fatigued, with untiring energy and invincible valour. The darts flew about with a fearful noise, and larger missiles were hurled through the air. The Turks yielded in time, for they could no longer sustain the fight. And now, having raised the ladders for scaling the tower, our men hastened to ascend; but the Turks, perceiving that the crisis was at hand, with great valour made all resistance, and threw down masses of stones of large size upon our people, to crush and throw them off the ladders. Afterwards they cast Greek fire upon the castle we had erected, which was set in flames; those within it, perceiving this, were compelled with disappointed hopes to descend and retire. But meantime there was a countless slaughter of the Turks who opposed our men by sea; and although at the tower a part of our people was unsuccessful, those at sea committed great havoc on the Turks. At last the engines, together with the castle, the galleys, and all within, and the ladders that had been raised, being consumed by the devouring fire, the Turks abandoned themselves to rejoicing, with loud yells mocked at our discomfiture, shaking their heads, whereat the Christians were beyond measure incensed, being no less stung by their insulting taunts than by the misfortune they suffered."

Continuing these records of the lion-hearted monarch, we read:

"About the year 1190, when King Richard was at Chinon on his way to Marseilles, he issued the following ordinance, which is remarkable for being the earliest 'articles of war' for the government of an English fleet. If any man slew another on board a ship, he was to be fastened to the dead body, and thrown with it into the sea: if the murder were committed on shore, he was to be bound to the corpse, and buried with it. If any one were convicted by legal testimony of drawing his knife upon another, or of drawing blood in any manner, he was to lose his hand. For giving a blow with the hand, without producing blood, the offender was to be plunged three times into the sea. If any one reviled or insulted another, he was on every occasion to pay to the offended party an ounce of silver. A thief was to have his head shaven, boiling pitch poured upon it, and feathers shaken over him, as a mark by which he might be known; and he was to be turned ashore at the first land which the ship might touch. By another ordinance, every person was strictly required to be obedient to the commanders or justices of the fleet; and as they regarded themselves, and their return to their own countries, they were enjoined faithfully to observe these regulations. It is singular that no penalty should have been provided for disobedience of orders, nor for any offence against discipline; but the principal object seems to have been to prevent quarrels, and to render property secure. The punishment of ducking—perhaps keel-hauling—and of tarring and feathering, are thus proved to have been very ancient; and, however severe may be the present military law, it is satisfactory to know that it has lost some part, at least, of its original barbarity. The immense fine imposed for irritating speeches, shews both the importance which was attached to so inevitable a cause of discord, and the wealth of the crusaders. On the 8th of October, the Kings of England and France solemnly swore to maintain good faith each to the other during the crusade; and their respective nobles also vowed to observe that compact. The two monarchs, with the consent of their council, then adopted the following regulations for their armies. If any one died during the pilgrimage, he might dispose of all his arms, horses, and apparel, at his pleasure; and likewise of the moiety of the effects he had with him, provided nothing was sent back to his own country. The other moiety was to be given to the Archbishop of Rouen, the Bishop of Langres, and the Master of the Templars, and the Master of the Hospitallers, Hugh Duke of Burgundy, and other personages, who were to expend the money in the recovery of the Holy Land. No one in the whole army was to play at any kind of game for gain, except the knights and clerks; but they were not permitted to lose more than twenty shillings in any one day and night; and none of the knights and clerks was to play for a greater sum, on the penalty of one hundred shillings. The two kings might, however, play as they thought proper. The royal servants, and those of the higher nobility, were to be allowed to play to the amount of twenty shillings. If any servants, mariners, or others, should be found gambling by themselves, the servants were to be flogged naked through the town for three days; and the mariners were to be plunged from the ship into the sea every morning. 'after the manner of seamen,' for three days, unless they could redeem themselves by fine. If a pilgrim borrowed any thing after he had commenced his journey, he was to repay it; but he was not to be responsible for what he might have previously received. If a hired mariner or serving-man, or any one soever, except clerks and knights, should quit his lord during the expedition, no one else was to receive him, except with the consent of his lord; and if any one received him without the approbation of such lord, he was to be punished. If any one attempted ought against those regulations, he was liable to be excommunicated by the archbishop and bishops of the whole army. All other transgressors were to be punished according to their several conditions, by the judgment of the Archbishop of Rouen, the Bishop of Langres, the Masters of the Templars and Hospitallers, and the other persons before alluded to."

The well-known Laws of Oleron were soon after promulgated; among which the following are not the least curious:

"By the first article, if a vessel arrive at Bordaux, Rouen, or any other similar place, and was there freighted for Scotland, or any other foreign country, and was in want of stores or provisions, the master was not permitted to sell the vessel, but he might, with the advice of his crew, raise money by pledging any part of her tackle or furniture. If a vessel was wind or weather-bound, the master, when a change occurred, was to consult his crew, saying to them, 'Gentlemen what think you of this wind?' and to be guided by the majority, whether he should put to sea. If he did not do this, and any misfortune happened, he was to make good the damage. If a seaman sustained any hurt through drunkenness or quarrelling, the master was not bound to provide for his cure, but might turn him out of his ship; if, however, the injury occurred in the service of the ship, he was to be cured at the cost of the said ship. A sick sailor was to be sent on shore, and a lodging, candles, and one of the ship's boys, or a nurse, provided for him, with the same allowance of provisions as he would have received on board. In case of danger in a storm, the master might, with the consent of the merchants on board, lighten the ship by throwing part of the cargo overboard; and if they did not consent, or objected to his doing so, he was not to risk the vessel, but to act as he thought proper: on their arrival in port, he and the third-part of the crew were to make oath that it was done for the preservation of the vessel; and the loss was to be borne equally by the merchants. A similar proceeding was to be adopted before the mast or cables were cut away. Before goods were shipped, the master was to satisfy the merchants of the strength of his ropes and slings; but if he did not do so, or they requested him to repair them, and a cask was stove, the master was to make it good. In cases of difference between a master and one of his crew, the man was to be denied his mess allowance thrice before he was turned out of the ship, or discharged; and if the man offered reasonable satisfaction in the presence of the crew, and the master persisted in discharging him, the sailor might follow the ship to her place of destination, and demand the same wages as if he had not been sent ashore. In case of collision by a ship under sail running on board one at anchor, owing to bad steering, if the former were damaged, the cost was to be equally divided; the master and crew of the latter making oath that the collision was accidental. The reason for this law was, it is said, 'that an old decayed vessel might not purposely be put in the way of a better.' It was specially provided that all anchors ought to be indicated by buoys or 'anchor-marks.' Mariners of Britanny were entitled only to one meal a-day, because they had beverage going and coming; but those of Normandy were to have two meals, because they had only water at the ship's allowance. As soon as the ship arrived in a wine country, the master was, however, to procure them wine. Several regulations occur respecting the seamen's wages, which shew that they were sometimes paid by a share of the freight. On arriving at Bordeaux, or any other place, two of the crew might go on shore and take with them one meal of such victuals as were on board, and a proportion of bread, but no drink; and they were to return in sufficient time to prevent their master losing the tide. If a pilot, from ignorance or otherwise, failed to conduct a ship in safety, and the merchants sustained any damage, he was to make full satisfaction if he had the means: if not, he was to lose his head; and, if the master or any one of his mariners cut off his head, they are not bound to answer for it; but, before they had recourse to so strong a measure, 'they must be sure he had not wherewith to make satisfaction.' Two articles of the code prove, that from 'an accursed custom' in some places, by which the third or fourth part of ships that were lost belonged to the lord of the place, the pilots, to ingratiate themselves with these nobles, 'like faithless and treacherous villains,' purposely ran the vessels on the rocks. It was there enacted that the said lords, and all others assisting in plundering the wreck, shall be accursed and excommunicated, and punished as robbers and thieves; that 'all false and treacherous pilots should suffer a most rigorous and merciless death,' and be suspended to high gibbets near the spot; which gibbets were to remain as an example in succeeding ages. The barbarous lords were to be tied to a post in the middle of their own houses, and being set on fire at the four corners, all were to be burnt together; the walls demolished, its site converted into a market-place for the sale only of hogs and swine, and all their goods were to be confiscated to the use of the aggrieved parties. Such of the cargoes as floated ashore were to be taken care of for a year or more; and if not then claimed, they were to be sold by the lord, and the proceeds distributed among the poor, in marriage-portions to poor maids, and other charitable uses. If, as often happened, 'people more barbarous, cruel, and inhuman than mad dogs,' murdered shipwrecked persons, they were to be plunged into the sea till they were half-dead, and then drawn out and stoned to death."

Having reached the reign of King John, we will now rest on our oars (having still the voyage to the time of Edward II. before us), and have only for the present to add, that prints from ancient pictures add much to the interest of the accounts of the first vessels which ploughed the British seas.

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EARLY LIFE OF A SAILOR.

EDITED BY LT. COL. WILKIE.—CHAP. VII.

I have already stated, that in the end of Nov., 1793, I was appointed as Mate to the ——, 74, then fitting at Chatham; by turning over the crews of a couple of frigates, and receiving about ninety raised men, we completed our complement, and joined Lord Howe's fleet at Spithead, with which and in company with an immense fleet of merchantmen for all parts of the world, we shortly afterwards sailed; the channel fleet then consisting of forty sail of the line, having accompanied the convoy to a certain latitude, Lord Howe returned with the great body of the ships of war to cruise off Brest, leaving a squadron of seven sail of the line, of which the —— was one, to accompany the convoy further westward, and after proceeding to a certain latitude and longitude, to return and join Lord Howe at the point of rendezvous.

In fulfilling these orders, and on our way to rejoin the Channel fleet, the day after we left the convoy, we fell in with, and recaptured, several English merchant vessels, under charge of a French corvette, of 24 guns: it falling calm the boats were ordered out, and towed the Hebe frigate alongside, when she surrendered: I was, on this occasion in the ——'s barge, and was amongst the first to board the enemy. Several of our men were sent on board the prizes, but they were all again taken by the French, and carried into Brest. This was in the month of May, 1794. On arriving at the appointed rendezvous we did not find Lord Howe's fleet, but we remained with our squadron off Brest half hour, where we fell in with a French squadron which we chased into port. The following morning, at daylight, we descried another French fleet of great force, that directly on seeing us, gave chase; our squadron not meeting their comrade, allowed the enemy to come nearly within gunshot, when we bore away; we

were nine sail of the line, one of which was only of sixty four guns; the enemy had all evidently been in a severe engagement, of which we had heard nothing as yet; seventeen of the nineteen had royals and top-gallant studding-sails set, and they continued in pursuit of us all the day, at night we lost sight of them, and saw them no more; on arriving at Plymouth we heard of Lord Howe's action of the 1st of June, and it was evident that the ships that we had seen were those that had escaped at its termination.

The retreat of Admiral Montague has been a subject of much discussion and remark; many and various have been the opinions since promulgated; the impression in the fleet at the time was, I recollect, that nothing else could have been done with such disparity of force. On arriving in port we had the intelligence of the action of the 1st of June, and that our Admiral's brother was killed; he fell in his namesake, the Montague. Our Admiral here struck his flag, which he never again hoisted during the war, nor until he was appointed to the command in chief at Portsmouth.

The —— now joined Admiral Cornwallis, to form a convoy of a large fleet of merchantmen, which he accompanied to a certain latitude, when we returned to port, and were shortly attached to a small squadron, under Admiral Caldwell, and sent to the West Indies, touching at Madera.

The night before we made Barbadoes, from which we thought ourselves still distant, a noddy perched upon the top-gallant yard, fell asleep, and was taken; this was the first intimation of proximity to land; the night signal of danger was made, the fleet hove to, and the next morning we saw Barbadoes within six or seven miles of us to leeward. We only remained in Carlisle Bay to complete our water, and then sailed to join Sir John Jervis, who, with his squadron, was cruising off Basseterre, Guadeloupe; the whole of that island had been retaken by the French, with the exception of Fort Matilda, which they were now actively besieging.

On our arrival, Sir John Jervis gave up the command in chief to Vice Admiral Caldwell, and departed in his flag ship, the Boyne, for England.

It was soon discovered that the French, having brought all their forces to bear on Fort Matilda, it was no longer tenable; and as no reinforcements arrived, to enable us to resume the offensive, it was resolved to evacuate the fort. In consequence, when it became dark, and our movements could not be noticed by the enemy, the boats of the squadron were hoisted out and ordered to assemble alongside the Terpsichore frigate, lying close in shore. She was commanded by Capt. Richard Bowen, a man of very great practical knowledge and full of resources.

About midnight we started for the beach, under his command; the affair was so well and quietly managed, that we embarked in a very short time the whole of the garrison, without the loss of a single man, or even leaving a wounded soldier behind. While the embarkation was going on, the rear guard, with the artillery, continued firing on the French posts and batteries, which returned the fire with spirit, and it must have been much surprise to them in the morning when they found that they had been wasting their missiles for the greater part of the night.

Nothing of any description was taken from the fort, except the men of the garrison, and the operation was completed. In Capt. Bowen's anxiety to ascertain that not man had been left behind, he rowed along shore in his gig; unfortunately he got wounded in the face by a musket ball, that taking the top of his nose passed off along his cheek. On this occasion I had the command of the ——'s launch; I believe that this was the first occasion in which a carronade was used in a boat, and I give that excellent officer, Capt. Bowen, credit for the invention. Our services were not fortunately required, but had the enemy obtained an inkling of our intention, and had come down to the shore to impede the operation, there can be no doubt that the carronade mounted on its slide in the stern sheets of the launch, would have done great execution in sweeping the beach with grape and canister, aided by the surprise of finding such a formidable weapon in a ship's boat.

The circumstances of the evacuation of Fort Matilda led naturally to the reflection, how incalculable would be the advantage of a steamer in a similar operation. It is no easy matter to hit one of these locomotives in clear daylight, as was proved at St. Jean d'Acre, how much more difficult in the dark; by firing a gun in the supposed direction of the troops on shore, the return of the complement would show the actual position; the steamer might fire a broadside, in the proper direction, and by shooting ahead a couple of hundred yards would be out of range of the returning fire, this might be repeated several times, and if an enemy become more wary, fired ahead of the supposed position of the steamer, he might easily be baffled by reversing the engines, and giving the ship stern way.

The squadron made sail for Martinique, where we soon arrived, and landed our emaciated and exhausted little garrison at St. Pierre's; Gen. Prescott, who commanded it, poor old gentleman, looked more like a ghost than anything human, he was fairly done up. I was shortly afterwards moved into the flag-ship, and during that time the celebrated action took place between the Blanche frigate and the French frigate Pique, which ended in the capture of the latter; Capt. Falconer of the Blanche, being killed in lashing the bowsprit of the Pique to his own capstan.

Capt. ——, who had been ordered to take Gen. Prescott and his staff to England, in the ——, at the instigation of Sir Robert Calder, made it a personal favor, and the only one he should have an opportunity of asking, that I might be promoted; and appointed to his ship the ——; the Admiral, Caldwell, immediately complied with the request, and on the 15th of January, when not eighteen years of age, I found myself Lt. of the —— frigate, under weigh for England: besides the Gen. and his staff, we had about fifty men on board, of the 55th and other regiments. After an extraordinary quick passage, of only 21 days from Martinique, we anchored at Spithead; it blew a perfect gale the whole passage.

On passing through the Needles, we found the Isle of Wight covered with snow, and the change of climate we had undergone in so short a time was great and severely felt, for it will be recollect that this was the celebrated winter of 1794—5, so remarkable for the severity of the cold, that enabled the French army, under Pichegru, to conquer Holland, by marching across the Waal on the ice.

Soon after anchoring our Captain went to London on Admiralty leave, the First Lt., Mr. Bromwich, went to the hospital, the Second to London to pass as Lt., and no other being appointed, I was the only Commissioned Officer left in the command of the ship, and I not confirmed! I shall not forget, some days afterwards, meeting the Captain in the dockyard, on his return from London; he told me when I went on board, to tell Mr. Bromwich to do so and so; he was surprised when I told him that the officer in question had gone to the hospital the day he himself had left; "Very well," he said, "give my message to Mr. Devonshire;" I told him he had also gone to London; on the same day; "Then in God's name, who is there in charge of the ship?" "I

am, and have been from the moment they went on shore." He was thunder-struck.

We were soon ordered round to Liverpool to bring back newly raised sailors (Mr. Pitt's quota men). By some pressing, and other measures added to this source, we got just enough to man our own ship. Returning to Spithead, we were put under the command of Strachan, employed on the coast of France in assisting the Royalists: we had several of the principal leaders on board our ship, whom we occasionally landed, but whatever their plans were, they did not appear to succeed, as they always returned. We were then attached to the squadron of the Prince of Bouillon at Guernsey, from that detached to Ireland, then to the North Sea as far as Heligoland, with a convoy. On returning to the Nore, I found my commission as Lieutenant, dated August, 1795, and senior to Mr. Devonshire, whom I have stated went up to pass.

## CHAP. VIII.

It is not always that efforts, and good wishes of friends prove either advantageous or agreeable to ourselves. I was now, at nineteen years of age, First Lieutenant of a fine frigate, under a most dashing and enterprising officer, when to my horror and surprise I got an appointment as Fifth Lieutenant in the ——, 74, my old ship, just arrived from the West Indies. There could be no doubt that my friend Capt. —— meant it in kindness to me, but it was the most unfortunate and untoward occurrence, as it threw me out of the line of good fortune and balked all my prospects. Had I remained in the frigate I should have been a Vice-Admiral by this, as Mr. Devonshire, who, as I related before, had gone to pass in London as Lieutenant, had his commission junior to me, and was, therefore, in my place when the frigate captured the Spanish frigate Mahonesa, for which action Mr. Devonshire was made Commander; he died some years since as retired Rear-Admiral, because he had not served his time, which I think there is little doubt I should have done.

It may be imagined that I did not join my new old ship with any very joyful feelings, and to add to my annoyance and disgust, Captain ——, the only man on board I knew anything of and who was really my friend, left the ship in about a fortnight after I joined, having been appointed to the command of one of the ships in the Mediterranean under Sir John Jervis. In his room was appointed an Acting Captain, about one of the greatest fools I ever met with, neither seaman nor officer, or knowing the least about his business, having been for many years Agent of transports, and never having commanded a ship before. With the Captain also departed our first Lieutenant, and the latter was replaced by a person, anything but a gentleman, a perfect bear and a sot, and so little of a seaman or an officer, that he could not, if required, have been able to put a ship about himself; he left that matter to the Master, a great savage, but of good abilities. It would fill a volume to relate all the blunders and absurdities committed in this ill commanded and worse regulated ship; she was in a perfect state of confusion and mismanagement, when we received the order to join the squadron under Admiral Hervey, cruising in the Bay of Biscay, where our army had taken possession of the islands at the bottom of Quiberon Bay, to make a diversion in favour of the French Royalists on the mainland. A gale of wind having set in, the fleet was obliged to bear up and take shelter under the islands of Hordie and Houat, where he had not been long before the army had to evacuate the position; in consequence, the —— was ordered to Isle Dieu to give assistance and embark the troops. On this occasion I was sent on shore with about a hundred men and officers, and remained at the head-quarters of General Needham. We soon embarked the 80th Regt., under Col. Champagne, the whole squadron sailed together, and having shifted our military passengers into another vessel, they were landed at Southampton. Afterwards we sailed on two cruises, first in company with the Incendiary, Capt. Digby, and afterwards with the Hector, 74, Capt. Montague, in which we picked up some prizes, the nest-egg of my future small property. After another cruise in company with the Marlborough, we anchored with her at St. Helens, intending to go to Spithead in the morning; accordingly, before daylight, the hammocks were piped up and stowed and the hands turned up to weigh anchor, when whack went off a gun close alongside. The Second Lieutenant ran into the Captain's cabin and reported the arrival of a convoy during the night. As the day began to break, several men-of-war were reported as belonging to the supposed convoy, and it was broad daylight before it was discovered that the imaginary convoy was no other than the Channel fleet into the midst of which we had driven in a perfect calm from St. Helens, and the gun we had heard so close to us came from the Royal William, flag-ship, at Spithead, where we had arrived without a soul in the ship suspecting what had happened, while the people in the Marlborough, our companions in the last cruise, and at anchor at St. Helens, were wondering what had become of us.

Our Boatswain was a black man, who afterwards served in the same capacity under Lord Nelson; he was an excellent seaman, and his deportment modest and unassuming. One day when we were at sea, I was on the poop, when I heard our philosopher of a Captain bellow out to this man—

"G—d—m me, Sir, who made you a Boatswain?"

I have the scene before me at this moment; the Boatswain placing his large negro paw to windward of the weather-leech of the mainsail, and taking off his hat most respectfully with the other hand, coolly replied—

"The man who made me a Boatswain, Sir, was a gentleman."

The matter and manner of this "retort courteous" conveyed one of the severest rebukes I ever saw inflicted.\*

## CHAP. IX.

When Capt. —— gave up the command of the —— to his weak and imbecile successor, the ship was in a high state of order and discipline. How much changed in a short time I have already shown; but at last, to our joy, the latter left us, and died some months afterwards in the West Indies. He was succeeded in the command by Capt. ——, the very reverse in all respects of his predecessor, being an accomplished gentleman, a man of talent, a good seaman and officer. In an instant he saw the state the ship was in, and took up his abode on board, with his wife and family, and commenced a course of reform and improvement: in the most quiet and gentle manner he got rid of all the officers except myself, whom he requested to remain. This change, although for the better, did not produce the benefits he had expected; the talents and abilities of the new comers had been much overrated by those who had recommended them, which, no doubt, the Captain soon discovered, for he put but small confidence in any of them. We were now in the year 1796; we sailed from Spithead, under the command of Sir Hugh Seymour, with a squadron, visiting the Azores, where we anchored in Fayal Roads, and mounted to the summit of the mountain of Pico. From thence we were sent to Cadiz, and joined the blockading squadron under Admiral Man; from thence returning

\* As an antithesis to the story of the Boatswain, I may be allowed to give the following anecdote of the late Capt. Coghlan, of the Navy; he was superintending some operation performed by one of his Lieutenants, which being badly managed, the Captain called out. "Here, take away this gentleman, and bring me a sailor."

by way of Lisbon, and scouring the Bay of Biscay, we returned to our anchorage at Spithead, after four months' absence, and were again attached to the Channel fleet. During our cruise, the ship had been, in a certain degree, restored, as much had been done in that comparatively short time in the way of improvement. Having refitted, we sailed again, under Admiral Colpoys, with a squadron, to the westward. By some strange mismanagement, want of good look-out, or intelligence, the French fleet escaped our notice; and we did not know a word of their great movement to Bantry Bay until we returned to Plymouth. Shortly after our arrival there, our excellent Captain —— was taken ill, and died in his lodgings on shore, to the great regret of us all, and to myself particularly, as I felt that in him I had lost an attached and sincere friend.

In his room, Capt. —— was appointed and joined the —— in Cawsand Bay, with her colours half-staff.

While lying at this anchorage, in the month of January, 1797, I was sent ashore to the Navy pay-office and dockyard to receive the residue of bounty due to the newly-raised men, under Mr. Pitt's Act, which they were not to be paid in full until they had been mustered in their respective ships: some of these men, like Pitt's quota-men, had as much as £40 or £50 to receive. I had got altogether between £700 and £800 at the pay-office (all in guineas), with which I proceeded to my boat. Here I found that the wind, which had been blowing fresh when I landed, had increased to a gale; and there was much doubt as to the possibility of reaching the ship: having, however, such a sum of money in my charge, I was resolved to make the attempt at all risks.

Mr. Smith, the Master Attendant, showed every anxiety about my fate; he advised and even supplicated me not to make the attempt. Having reefed the boat's sails, and made everything as snug as possible, I left the dockyard at 8 in the evening; the boat's crew, I believe, wishing me at the d—l. After beating hank upon hank for exactly twelve hours, we arrived alongside the —— at 8 o'clock in the morning of a day in January, to the surprise of all on board. Without going below for an instant, I had all the men entitled to the money called up, and divided it amongst them, relieving me from the charge.

We had a man on board of the name of Saunders; he had been loblolly boy, and therefore knew all the ins and outs of the after cock-pit. He had been carrying on a system of pilfering, but was at last caught, and placed in irons. From this state of durance he contrived to escape at night, got into the launch astern, and cast her off, without being observed. He had not, however, drifted very far when the Quartermaster descried him; a boat was sent in chase, and he was brought back; and the boat-keeper got a starting for having made her fast so badly; and she was again made fast to the stern-ladder. The ship's Corporal, in going his rounds about an hour after, discovered that the prisoner had escaped: then, and not till then, it occurred to him that he possibly might have taken the launch away.

When searching her, there he was found snug enough in the boat, where he had remained unseen and unsuspected. He was tried by a court-martial, and flogged round the fleet. He was acknowledged by all on board to be one of the greatest rascals alive, and was generally called so.

When Lord Nelson made the attack on Tenerife, where he lost his arm, amongst the seamen and Marines landed on that occasion was a Capt. (brevet Major) ——, of the Marines, — a little man, somewhat pugnacious, and encumbered with a parcel of trappings and accoutrements: in mounting the hill, he became distressed and puffy, and at length came to a still, fairly done, and out of breath. Seeing this, Saunders (the man just named) took him up on his back, carried him up the hill, and letting him down almost at the muzzles of the enemy's muskets, he whispered, "Am I a d—d rascal now, Sir?"

I have already said that we had shipped a new Captain in Cawsand Bay, who was a strange mixture of folly and talent, of small judgment and discretion. Under his command, we were soon ordered to Spithead, to join a squadron under Sir Robert Calder, whose broad pendant was flying in the Ville de Paris, having just arrived with the dispatches from Sir John Jervis, giving an account of the victory off Cape St. Vincent. This division sailed shortly for Lisbon. On arriving in the Tagus, we found Lord St. Vincent, with his fleet, preparing for sea. Here I met my brother William, in the Excellent, under the command of Captain (afterwards Lord) Collingwood, which had borne a very conspicuous part in the late engagement. The whole fleet sailed together, and anchored off the town of Cadiz, commencing the blockade of that port.

Our First Lieutenant, who had been held in restraint by our late excellent Captain, now began to show his natural bad temper, unchecked either by judgment or ability: with a weak-minded, irresolute Captain, it was little wonder that all soon went wrong again in the ——. As I did not choose to be brow-beaten by either, a hole was soon picked in my jacket, and court-martial was the consequence, before which I was most fully acquitted of all and every part of the charges brought against me. This circumstance opened the eyes of Lord St. Vincent to the state of the ship, and a regular turn-out was the consequence. He gave the —— to Commodore Nelson, who brought with him his officers and ship's company; our Captain and officers being one and all removed from the ——. In this turn out I was not included, as I had been previously appointed to a 74-gun ship by Lord St. Vincent.

## CHAP. X.

On the 21st May, 1797, I joined the ——, 74 guns, Capt. G—M—, a most gentlemanly man, an excellent seaman, and an officer whose conduct formed a striking contrast to that of those I had lately served under. The ship was one of the in-shore squadron, anchored just out of long shell range of the forts of Cadiz, under the command of Sir Horatio Nelson, whose flag was flying in the ship I had just left. A day scarcely passed without some skirmishing taking place between our boats and the gun-boats of the enemy, and flags of truce were continually passing. Two boats from each ship in the fleet, with a Lieutenant in each, rowing guard every night, and then having to row back eight or ten miles to the ships, was no easy task; it was particularly harassing on the Lieutenants, who were constantly away from their ships on some service or other.

At length Lord St. Vincent resolved on the bombardment of the city of Cadiz, and for that purpose a Dutch galliot was taken up at Gibraltar, and fitted as a bomb-vessel, to which the name of Thunder was given. After her arrival, the boats of the fleet were assembled, under the immediate direction of Sir Horatio Nelson, in his barge. As soon as it was dark, we started towards the shore, to gain a point that had been previously selected in the daylight. When we had gained this position, about musket-shot distance from the forts and batteries of Cadiz, we commenced the bombardment. Scarcely, however, had we done so, when, to our astonishment and surprise, we were attacked in the rear by the enemy's flotilla of gun and mortar-boats, outside of us; having by some unaccountable accident got within side of them in the dark, without either party being aware of the circumstance. Our attack on the town was immediately abandoned, and changed into one on the flotilla outside. As we

were now between two fires—that from the shore batteries and the flotilla to seaward—we directed all our fire on the latter, and succeeded in capturing two of them, both armed with howitzers, and with about fifty men in each. A large man of war barge was taken by Sir Horatio Nelson himself in his barge. The moon having now got up, our bomb-vessel became plainly seen from the shore—an object for the batteries to fire at: the shower of shot and shell that fell round her was thick and heavy, and no time was to be lost in making a retreat good.

Just as I was passing the bomb, the tow-rope broke, and the towing-boats, knowing nothing of the matter, continued rowing on. I immediately rowed my boat up to the bomb, received a fresh tow-rope from the Commander's hand, and towed the vessel out from under a most galling fire; in this service I had several men wounded.

When daylight appeared, it was discovered that one of the carronades in my launch was split from muzzle to breech; it was fortunate that we had been drawn off from the attack, and had no occasion to fire this gun again, as in all probability it would have destroyed the launch and all on board. I believe that in bombarding Cadiz Lord St. Vincent was less actuated by an idea of its being useful and profitable, than by a desire to keep the men from canvassing the history of the mutiny at Spithead, the intelligence of which had arrived out, and some of the ships were suspected of having adopted the ideas of the mutineers. The next night the bombardment was repeated, and the Spanish and French ships were obliged to get high up out of the way. This system of attack, however, was at length abandoned, but a strict watch was established, having two boats from each ship rowing guard all night. In course of time we became rather careless, and in place of rowing about we used to drop a grappling, and all of us officers congregate in one of the launches to sing songs, tell stories, and have a sort of jollification; one night, in the midst of our nocturnal revels, we were surprised by the Spanish gun-boats and barges; helter skelter, away we all flew for our boats,—we were completely surrounded,—a few of the party were killed or wounded, and the launch in which we had all been assembled was captured by the enemy, the others having made their escape, no one could tell how; we ought all to have been taken. The frigates were seen from the fleet, where they did not know what to make of it. At daylight, however, it was soon discovered what had happened, and the eyes of the Commander-in-Chief were opened to this new fashion of keeping guard, a most thundering order came out, but not a bit stronger than we deserved. I believe the order would have been still more severe had it not been that the captured launch was second in command, belonging to the Prince George. 98.

After this practical lesson we never again anchored our boats, and our nocturnal serenades were for ever closed.

#### PRINCE METTERNICH.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

We have thought that our readers, at this crisis of the extinction of the Republic of Cracow, would feel an interest in gazing on the features, and learning something more than is generally known amongst us, of the history of the man who moves the affairs of the continent beyond any other living person. The following particulars are from a most authentic source; but drawn up in German, they are stated with true German caution.

Clemens Wenzel Nepomuk Lothar, Prince Metternich, Duke of Portella, and Austrian House Court and State Chancellor, was born at Coblenz, May 15th, 1773; commenced his studies at the University of Strasburg, 1788; and in 1790, filled the office of Master of the Ceremonies at the coronation of the Emperor Leopold II. Lothar, having studied jurisprudence at Mayence till 1794, and made a journey to England, became Austrian Ambassador at the Hague, and in 1795 married the Countess Eleonore von Kaunitz, grand-daughter and heiress of the celebrated Minister Kaunitz. His diplomatic career commenced at the Congress of Rastadt, where he appeared as a deputy from the Westphalian nobility. In 1801, he became Austrian Ambassador, at Dresden; and in the winter of 1803-4 was at Berlin, where, on the breaking out of war for the third time, he negotiated a treaty between Austria, Prussia, and Russia; and in 1806 was sent as Ambassador to Paris. In this capacity, in 1807, he closed at Fontainebleau that treaty so advantageous to Austria, by which Braunau was restored, and Isonzo became the boundary on the Italian side. On the commencement of war between Austria and France, in 1809, all passports were denied him, and he only received them shortly before the battle of Wagram.

When Count Von Stadion, on the 9th of July, resigned his office as minister of Foreign Affairs, at first provisionally, but later, on the 8th of October, he had the same office definitely conferred upon him. At Altenburg, in Hungary, he brought negotiations for peace to a close with the French minister, Champaigny, and then accompanied the Empress Marie Louise to Paris. His endeavours to prevent a fresh outbreak in the north, when he saw Napoleon at Dresden in 1812, were rendered fruitless through the Emperor's ambitious schemes. The great task was now, whilst showing all due regard to the contracts and engagements, as well as in consideration of family connexion, to offer in the right moment, and with a requisite strength, that assistance which Europe expected from Austria. In Prague, he now conducted the affair of Austria's armed intervention, which, after a conference with the Emperor Alexander, at Opoltschna, on the Bohemian and Silesian frontier, was acknowledged by Russia, and France also, in accordance with the treaty signed by Napoleon at Dresden, June 30th. But the negotiation of peace being not yet commenced on the 10th of August, the term pereinptorily fixed upon, Metternich, during the night of the 10th, drew up the declaration of war of Austria against France; and already on the morning of the 11th, the combined Russian and Prussian army crossed the Silesian frontier; from this Metternich accomplished at Reichenbach and Teplitz the Quadruple-Alliance, September 9th, 1813; he also closed a treaty with Bavaria, at Nied, on October 9th.

On the evening of the battle of Leipzig, the emperor Francis bestowed upon him and his descendants the title of Prince of the Austrian Empire. Frankfurt, Freiburg, Basle, Langres, and Chaumont, all witnessed the diplomatic activity of Metternich. During the congress at Chatillon he directed affairs at head-quarters of the Emperor; and from Dijon the transactions with the Count d'Artois, who was at Nancy. He then hastened to Paris, and signed the treaty of Fontainebleau, which was just formed with Napoleon as well as the treaty of peace of May 30th; and passing over to England, closed the treaty of the Quadruple-Alliance, on which occasion the University of Oxford presented him with the degree of Doctor. At the opening of the congress at Vienna, the assembled ministers unanimously made him president. At Presburg, together with Wellington, Talleyrand, and the King of Saxony and Prussia; and as Austrian plenipotentiary, closed the second Paris treaty, November 20th, 1815; and in the following year, at Milan, one with Bavaria.

In 1817 he was in communication with the Papal See: he was in 1818 Austria's plenipotentiary at the congress of Aix-la-Chapelle; was president at the congress at Carlsbad; conducted at Vienna the ministerial transactions for perfecting the acts, of the German-Bund; and later, those at Troppau and Laibach. In 1821, being appointed House, Court, and State-Chancellor, he was entrusted with the guidance of affairs at Vienna; and at the congress of Verona, from October to December, 1822, and on the death of Count Carl Zichy, State and Conference minister; in October, 1826, President of Ministerial Conferences for Home-affairs. At the decease of Francis I. 1835, he remained in possession of all his offices and influence; he accompanied the Emperor Ferdinand I. in September, 1835, to Teplice and Prague, to a conference with the Emperor of Russia and King of Prussia; was ever active in the maintenance of peace, especially on occasion of the conflict about the Oriental question, in 1840 and 1841; drew France once more into an alliance with the other European powers, by the treaty of the 13th of July, 1841; and contrived to make his conservative principles felt in the frequent political outbreaks which occurred in Italy and Switzerland.

Thus shines forth the name of Metternich in all transactions relative to the new-modelling of Europe—and the restoration of the old order of things! and the ministry of Metternich is the epoch in which the stone of Austria's greatest power has been laid. He has also taken a most active part in affairs of a domestic character. He has actively placed himself at the head of undertakings for the relief of the suffering, and has encouraged the arts and sciences of his country. As Kaunitz was the founder, so has Metternich been the restorer, of the Academy of Arts at Vienna. In acknowledgment of his uncommon services to the Austrian States, the Emperor Francis I. has granted him, as well as Prince Carl of Schwarzenberg, permission to quarter the arms of Austria and Lorraine in the chief field of his armorial bearings. The King of the Two Sicilies, Ferdinand IV., created him, in February, 1816, a duke, with a donation of 60,000 Neapolitan ducats; and bestowed upon him, August 1, 1818, the title of Duke of Portella. He also received, August 1, 1816, from the Emperor Francis I. a grant of the castle and estates of Johannishberg, with powers of reversion to the house of Austria, in case of the extinction of his family. The King of Spain created him a grandee of the first class, with the title of Duke; and, excepting the English order of the Garter, he is a knight of all the first European orders. After the death of his first wife, which took place in 1819, he married, in 1827, the beautiful Baroness von Leykam, who was created Countess von Beilstein, and who died in 1829; and in 1831 again, for the third time, married; his third wife was the Countess Melanie Zichy-Ferraris, born 1805. Besides three daughters he has a son, Richard, born 1829, from his second marriage; and two others from the third, namely Paul, born 1834, and Lothar, born 1837.

"Thus," says this biographer, "shines forth the name of Metternich in all transactions relative to the new modelling of Europe, and the restoration of the old order of things." That is perfectly descriptive of the man and his policy. Look at the portrait of the great Austrian minister, taken by Sir Thomas Lawrence when he was in his prime; and you have a polished, high-bred gentleman, somewhat passionless, but smiling, and not bad at heart. On the contrary, Metternich is a man with many good qualities: kind in private life, affable, and in company most engagingly polite. One of Austria's own nobles—one who knows him well—Count Auerstorp, thus admirably describes him:—

#### THE SALOON SCENE.

"Tis evening; flame the chandeliers in the ornamental hall;  
From the crystal of tall mirrors thousandfold their splendours fall.  
In the sea of radiance moving, almost floating, round are seen  
Lovely ladies young and joyous, ancient dames of solemn mien.

And amongst them staidly pacing, with their orders graced, elate,  
Here the rougher sons of war, there peaceful servants of the state;  
But observed by all observers wandering 'mid them, one I view  
Whom none to approach dare venture, save th' elect, illustrious few.

It is he who holds the rudder of proud Austria's ship of state,  
Who 'mid crowned heads in congress, acting for her, sits sedate.  
But now see him! O how modest, how polite to one and all!  
Gracious, courtly, smiling round him, on the great and on the small.

The stars upon his bosom glitter faintly in the circle's blaze,  
But a smile so mild and friendly ever on his features plays,  
Both when from a lovely bosom now he takes a budding rose,  
And now realms, like flowers withered, plucks and scatters as he goes.

Equally bewitching sounds it, when fair locks his praise attends,  
Or when he, from heads anointed, kingly crowns so calmly rends.  
Ay, the happy mortal seemeth in celestial joys to swim,  
Whom his word to Elba doometh, or to Munkat's dungeons grim.

O could Europe now but see him! so obliging, so gallant,  
As the man in martial raiment, as the church's priestly saint,  
As the state's star-covered servant, by his smile to heaven advanced,  
As the ladies, old and young, are all enraptured and entranced!

Man o' th'Empire! Man o' th' Council! as thou art in kindly mood,  
Shew'st thyself just now so gracious, unto all so wondrous good.  
See! without, a humble client to thy princely gate hath pressed,  
Who with token of thy favour burns to be supremely blessed.

Nay! thou hast no cause of terror! he is honest and discreet,  
Carries no concealed dagger 'neath his garments smooth and neat.  
It is Austria's People;—open—full of truth and honour—see!  
How he prays most mildly, "May I—take the freedom to be free?"

Metternich is, in fact, an honest creature of the old stand-still school, whose intellect, like that of a Jesuit or Inquisitor, has been schooled to the conviction that whatever is best for the preserving the order of things which he is called on to uphold is best; and that, in carrying it out, he does God service. He was bred to the old stereotype school of politics. He is one of the last and greatest of the Dampers. The business of his life has been to damp, and cool down, and gently soothe nations into a quietus. He is one of the class that lie like a little marble slab on letters, with a handle on their backs for their master to take them up by. His master, the Emperor of Austria, has, however, by the transcendent genius of Metternich, had his own head turned into the handle, and has been made the damper of, and gently lifted up and down, at the subject's pleasure. Metternich is, in truth, the real Emperor of Austria, and of three-fourths of Europe. Emperors, czars, and kings, seem to reign; but Metternich, by a most subtle and all-sufficing intellect, does reign. He has lain like a very cool and solid damper on all the letters of Germany. He has, to make it the more complete, introduced that system of national education, of

which Prussia has since got the eclat. It was the foreseeing Metternich, who perceived that the age of popular enlightenment was come, and could not be altogether restrained; but that it might be diverted, checked, and rendered, for ages perhaps, abortive, he no more doubted than he doubted of his own salvation. Metternich is a good Christian in his way, and knows his Bible much better than many an English justice does Burn's *Justices*. "Come education will," said he: "no person on earth can prevent it; but what says Solomon?—Train up a child in the way that he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Very well; and I know that, train him up in the way that he should not go, and the result is the same. The public must be trained, and it is our business to train it, if we are wise; or, if we let the schoolmaster go abroad without a policeman to take care of him, he will set fire to the Danube and the Rhine to boot. What says the old adage, too?—"Just as the twig is bent the tree is inclined." Very true; and, therefore, we must bend it if we mean it to incline our way."

In a word, Metternich took the bull by the horns, and the result is the triumph of his genius. Germany, from east to west, educated, submissive to anything that the princes please, tractable as any horse, however fiery, that was well broken as a colt; patient and dumb as any ass that feels himself the foal of an oppressed race, but feels just as plainly that a ponderous pair of panniers hang on his sides, duly inscribed—army—police; and his master sitting between them on his neck, wielding a huge cudgel, labelled censorship.

That is the clever workmanship of Prince Metternich: but if you want to see all his work, you must travel all over Europe, and visit the dungeons of Munkat and Spielberg into the bargain; for the gentle and gracious Metternich, who grows the true Johannisberg, grows rods also for the disobedient; and his land word equally blandly

"To Elba doometh, or to Munkat's dungeons grim."

He shone in all the great congresses, and to the most fatal annihilation of the liberties of Europe. It was a disastrous circumstance that the interests of France and of Austria were, to a certain degree, the same at the period of the Congress of Vienna, and that two such wily diplomats as Talleyrand and Metternich should have acted there for those nations. Behold, therefore, the handiworks of these two great Machiavellians on the face of Europe. Italy, not restored to one great and noble nation, but parcelled out amongst petty princes, with a fine portion to Austria; free spirited Norway given up to despotic Sweden; Holstein, a German state, turned over to Denmark so as to keep Russia and Prussia somewhat in awe when Austria allied itself to either of these kingdoms. Look at the left bank of the Rhine: that would have made a fine German state, a proud and impregnable position against France; but that France did not want, and that Metternich did not want; for a strong state there, impregnated with French liberalism, might be a formidable element in the German confederacy in opposition to Austrian sway. Therefore this left bank of the Rhine was cut into shreds; and Alsace, as already infected with French ideas of freedom, was thrown at once to the French; was severed from the German fatherland, and given freely up to the condition of a Gallic province. It could not suit Metternich, for a moment, that Alsace and Baden, the most public spirited state of Germany, should be in union, or even close alliance. It were equally undesirable for the hopes of future French invasion; therefore Talleyrand and Metternich were quite agreed there. Still less was it in accordance with Austrian policy that Bavaria should have Baden added to it; yet the King of Bavaria claimed Baden as his patrimonial territory, in precedence of its present reigning family of the younger branch of Zweibrücken; and Bavaria had, at the commencement of the last war against Buonaparte, to be detached from the alliance of Buonaparte. Therefore Baden was promised to Bavaria, as the condition of defection from Napoleon, and adhesion to the cause of the allies. Baden was promised, and Austria was pledged, to the accomplishment of this union, or to pay a large yearly sum till it was effected. Buonaparte was put down; but, at the Congress of Vienna, it did not suit Austria to redeem its pledge to Bavaria, because Bavaria, with Baden, would become too formidable a neighbour for Austria; and the annual sum is still paid.

Then, Saxony was too strong a neighbour for Austria, and it was dismembered, and a portion of it conferred on Prussia. But Prussia must be well endowed with territory out of the plunder of Germany,—and yet Prussia was already too great for Austria. Therefore, all that was given to Prussia, excepting the portion of Saxony, was given in distant and detached provinces, principally on the Rhine. Thus, by the masterly diplomacy of Talleyrand and Metternich, the greatness of Germany was cut to pieces, and Austria alone left in one substantial and compact empire, with barriers of mountains on all hands interposing to check any attempts on the part of their neighbours and so-called allies.

With this disposition of things, Metternich has reigned triumphantly in Austria, teaching the people to dance and sing, and even to enjoy arts, and certain species of literature; but lying like a most cool damper on all letters of progress, on all motions of intellectual freedom. The watchful eyes of the now old yet smiling statesman are always going to and fro in the earth to secure an advantage to the system of making, if not a solitude, a silence, and calling it peace. The smallest circumstance does not escape him. When Mrs. Trollope proposed to pay Austria a visit, the good people of Vienna were alarmed at the prospect of being laughed at by Mrs. Trollope and the English; but Metternich said smilingly—"Oh, no, she will not laugh at us—I will engage for that." Accordingly, Mrs. Trollope was introduced to the court circles—everything was shown to her, and the urbane minister was so particularly polite, that, instead of a Trollopean laughter, there was nothing but laudation. The other day, Louis Philippe made a matrimonial escapade at Madrid, and while that engaged the attention of Europe, Metternich quietly suggested the abduction of the little republic of Cracow from the dissected map of Europe. It is done, and will not be readily undone. Let the Hanse Towns look to it next, and let Switzerland beware; for Metternich is not too old yet to plan their remodelling over a particularly good bottle of Johannisberg, of this particularly prime vintage of 1846.

#### THE PREACHING EPIDEMIC OF SWEDEN.

BY MARY HOWITT.

One of the most singular psychological phenomena of the present day has occurred in Sweden; and as but little, if anything, is known of it by the public at large, I think it will be interesting to the readers of this Journal to lay before them such information as I have been able to obtain on the subject.

That portion of southern Sweden formerly called Smaland, and which now comprises the provinces of Kalmar, Växjö, and Jonkoping, though one of the poorest parts of the kingdom, is inhabited by a laborious and contented people. Their lot, which is one of extreme suffering and privation, is rendered endurable

to them by their natural simplicity of character and deep religious feeling. About sixty years ago, a very strong religious movement took place among them, which, for political reasons, or otherwise, government thought fit to put a violent stop to, and with great difficulty it was done. Whether there be a predisposition among these simple but earnest people for religious excitement we cannot tell; but certain it is, that at the commencement of 1842 the singular phenomenon of which we are about to speak made its appearance among them; and from its rapid spread, and apparently contagious character, and from the peculiar nature of its manifestations, it was popularly called the Preaching Epidemic.

Dr. J. A. Betsch, Bishop of Skara, in Westgothland, wrote a long letter on this subject to Dr. C. F. Wingard, Archbishop of Upsala, and Primate of all Sweden, which letter is considered so perfectly authority on the matter, that it is published in an appendix to Archbishop Wingard's "Review of the Church of Christ," an excellent little work, which has been translated into English by G. W. Carlson, Chaplain to the Swedish Embassy in London, a gentleman of great erudition and accomplishments. To this letter we shall have frequent occasion to refer.

The reader will naturally ask, as the bishop himself does, what is the Preaching Epidemic? What it really was nobody as yet has been able to say. Among the peasantry the most general belief was, that it was an immediate Divine miracle, in order to bestow grace on such as were afflicted with the disease: and as a means of warning and exhortation to those who saw and heard the patients. Among others, somewhat above the class of peasants, many denied altogether the existence of the disease, declaring the whole to be either intentional deception in the desire of gain and notoriety; or else self-delusion, produced partly by an overstrained religious feeling, or by that passion of imitation which is common to the human mind. The bishop himself was of opinion that it was a disease, originally physical, but affecting the mind in a peculiar manner. He arrived at this conclusion by attentively studying the phenomenon itself. At all events, bodily sickness was an ingredient in it, as was proved from the fact that, although every one affected by it, in describing the commencement of their state, mentioned a spiritual excitement as its original cause, close examination proved that an internal bodily disorder, attended by pain, had preceded or accompanied this excitement. Besides, there were persons who against their own will, were affected by the quaking fits, which were one of its most striking early outward symptoms, without any previous religious excitement; and these, when subjected to medical treatment, soon recovered.

The bishop must be a bold man, and not afraid of ridicule; for, though writing to an archbishop, he says that though he will not give the disease a name, still he will venture to express an opinion, which opinion is that the disease corresponds very much with what he has heard and read respecting the effects of animal magnetism. He says that he carefully studied the effect of sulphur and the magnet upon several sick persons, and found the symptoms of the Preaching Epidemic to correspond with the effect of animal magnetism as given in Kluge's "Versuch einer Darstellung des Animalischen Magnetismus als Heilmittel." In both cases there was an increase of activity of the nervous and muscular system; and, further, frequent heaviness in the head, heat at the pit of the stomach, prickling sensation in the extremities, convulsions and quaking; and, finally, the falling, frequently with a deep groan, into a profound fainting fit or trance. In this trance, the patient was in so perfect a state of insensibility to outward impressions, that the loudest noise or sound would not awaken him, nor would he feel a needle thrust deeply into his body. Mostly, however, during this trance, he would hear questions addressed to him, and reply to them; and, which was extraordinary, invariably in these replies applied to every one the pronoun *thou*. The power of speech, too, in this state, was that of great eloquence, lively declamation, and the command of much purer language than was usual, or apparently possible, for him in his natural state. The invariable assertions of all the patients, when in this state, were that they were exceedingly well, and that they had never been so happy before; they declared that the words they spoke were given to them by some one else, who spoke by them. Their disposition of mind was pious and calm, they seemed predisposed for visions and predilections. Like the early Quakers, they had an aversion to certain words and phrases, and testified in their preaching against "places of amusement, gaming, excess in drinking," may-pole festivities, gay clothing, and the crooked combs which the peasant women wear in their hair, and which, no doubt, were objects of vanity and display.

There was in some families a greater liability to this strange influence than in others; it was greater also in children and females than in grown-up people and men; and among men, those of a sanguine choleric temperament were most susceptible. The patients invariably showed a strong desire to be together, and seemed to feel a sort of attraction, or spiritual affinity, to each other. In places of worship, they would all sit together, and it was remarked that when a person afflicted with the Preaching Epidemic was questioned about the disease in himself individually, he always gave his answer on behalf of them all; and thus said "we" where the inquirer naturally expected "I."

From these facts the learned bishop infers that the Preaching Epidemic belonged to that class of operations which have been referred to animal magnetism. He says that, whatever may be the cause of this singular agency or influence, no doubt exists of its always producing a religious state of mind, which was strengthened by the apparently miraculous operations from within. He goes then into the question, whether the religious impression produced be in accordance with the established notions of the operations of "grace on the heart," and decides this not to be the case, because "the excited person, immediately after he begins to quake, experiences an unspeakable peace, joy, and blessedness, not on account of new-born faith through atoning grace, but by a certain immediate and miraculous influence from God." These are the bishop's own words. But with the polemical question we have nothing to do. However, the bishop goes on to say, that, "whatever the origin of the disease may be, it characterises itself by Christian language, and makes its appearance with many truly Christian thoughts and feelings;" and that, "probably, the disease has universally met with something Christian, previously implanted in the heart to which it has, in an exciting way, allied itself."

With respect to the conduct and conversation of the patients, during the time of their seizure, he says he never saw anything which was improper, although many strange rumours to the contrary were circulated and believed, to the great disadvantage of the poor people themselves. In the province of Elfsborg, where the disease prevailed to a great extent, bands of children and young people under its influence went about, singing what are called Zion's hymns, the effect of which was singularly striking, and even affecting. He says that to give a complete and detailed description of the nature of the disease would be difficult, "because, like animal magnetism"—we use his own words—"it seems to be infinite in its modification and form. In the above mentioned province of Elfs-

borg, it was often said, "Such and such a person has begun to quake, but he has not as yet dropped down, nor has seen visions, nor has preached."

This quaking, of which so much is said, appears to have been the first outward sign of the influence; the inward-vision and preaching being its consummation; though when this consummation was reached, the fit mostly commenced by the same sign. Nevertheless, in some patients the quaking decreased in proportion to the strength which the disease gained. These quakings also seem to have come on at the mention of certain words, the introduction of certain ideas or the proximity of certain persons or things, which in some mysterious manner appeared imminent or unholy to the patient. Sometimes, also, those very words and things which at first affected the patient ceased to do so as he advanced to the higher stages of the disease; and other words or things, which hitherto had produced no effect, began to agitate him in the same way. One of the patients explained this circumstance thus—that according as his spiritual being advanced upwards, "he found that there existed in himself, and in the world, many things which were worse than that which previously he had considered as the worst." In some cases the patients were violently affected by the simple words, "yes," and "no;" the latter word in particular was most painful and repulsive to them and has frequently been described by them as "one of the worst demons, tied with the chains of darkness in the deepest abyss." It was remarked also that they frequently acted as if they had a strong temptation to speak falsehood, or to say more than they were "at liberty to say." They would therefore exhort each other to speak the truth, and so frequently answered dubiously, and even said they did not know, when a contrary answer might have been confidently expected, that an unpleasant impression was frequently produced on the mind of the hearer; and some persons imbued from this very circumstance unfavourable ideas of their truthfulness; when, in fact, this very caution and hesitation was a peculiarity of the disease.

In the province of Skaraborg, the bishop says he has seen several persons fall at once into the trance, without any preparatory symptom. In the province of Elfsborg, the patients preached with their eyes open, and standing; whilst in the province of Skaraborg, he himself saw and heard them preaching in a recumbent posture, and with closed eyes, and altogether, as far as he could discover, in a state of perfect insensibility to outward impressions. He gives an account of three preaching-girls in the parish of Warham, of ages varying from eight to twelve. This account, but principally as relates to one of them, we will lay before the reader.

It was shortly before the Christmas of 1842, when he went, together with a respectable farmer of the neighborhood, the Rev. Mr. Linqvist, and the Rev. Mr. Smedmark, to the cottage where a child lived, who, by all accounts, had advanced to the highest stage of the disease. Many persons, besides himself and his friends, were present. As regards all the three children, he says that, for their age, as is generally the case in Sweden, they were tolerably well informed on religious matters, & could read well. They were naturally of good disposition, and now, since they had been subject to the disease, were remarkable for their gentleness and quiet demeanour. Their manners were simple, as those of peasant children; & being bashful and timid, were not inclined to speak, it was evident thence the rest of the peasantry and their own relatives give much description of the feelings and experience; still, from the few words they considered it a divine nescience, but still asserted that they knew not exactly what to think either of themselves or their situations. When in the trance, they declared that they were exceedingly well; that they never had been so cheerful, or felt so much pleasure before. On being awoken, however, they complained, sometimes even with tears of weakness in the limbs, pain in the chest, headache, etc.

In the particular case of one child to which we have referred, the symptoms were precisely the same: there came on, in the first place, a violent trembling or quaking of the limbs, and she fell backwards with so much violence as to give the spectator a mere painful sensation—but no apparent injury ensued. The patient was now in a trance, or state of total unconsciousness; and this trance, which lasted several hours, divided itself into two stages, acts, or scenes, totally different in character. In the first place, she rose up violently, and all her actions were of a rapid violent character. She caught at the hands of the people round her; & she instantly flung aside, as if the effect produced by them was repugnant thereto; others she held gently, patted, and rubbed softly; and these the people called "good hands." Sometimes she made signs, as if she were pouring out nothing, which she appeared to drink; and it was said by her father and another man present, that she should detect any one in the company who had been drinking; and she would in this way represent every glass he had taken. She went through—for what purpose it seems impossible to say—the operation of loading, presenting, and firing a gun, and performed most dramatical pugilistic combat, in which she alone sustained and represented the action both parties; she likewise acted the part of a person dressing; and what seemed all this most extraordinary was, that, though she was but a simple, bashful peasant child, clad in her peasant's dress—a sheep-skin jacket—yet all actions and movements were free, and full of the most dramatic effect: powerful and vigorous when representing manly action, and so indescribably graceful easy, and full of sentiment, when personating female occupations, as to affect the more cultivated spectators; and as the Bishop says, to be "far more like the motions of an image in a dream than a creature of flesh and blood." Another circumstance is peculiar: although these children differed from each other in their natural state, but, while under the influence of the disease, their countenances became so similar as greatly to resemble each other.

To return now to the child who had advanced into the second stage of the trance; this was characterized by a beautiful calmness and quietness of demeanour and countenance and with her arms folded meekly on her breast she began to preach. Her manner in speaking was that of the purest oratory; her tones were earnest, solemn, and the language of that high spiritual character which when awake it would have been impossible for her to use.

The little discourse somewhat as follows, for the bishop noted it down on his return home:—

"My friends, return from the evil of our ways; let us, my friends! The Saviour wishes. Think how pleasant it would be to come to him; and if we would, we it. He does not desire that any one should perish: from the lowest depths all may be saved, and come to him. How pleasant it will be to come to him; to receive our wedding garments, and sit down with him. Oh, how great that will be!"

"But if we will turn to him, we commit a great sin and grieve him. Think, if he meets with angry looks; think, if he bid us go to the left side! to the place of less, where we are separated from him! Knock gently, knock gently, minds, and he will certainly open to you."

"Then let us, my dear friends, raise a sigh—a good sigh—which shall penetrate through clouds to the Saviour! Let us go in the narrow way;

let us go in the thorny path! Will you not go there? Then I will go there by myself alone; but go you also, and do not think that it is painful! It is not painful, if we only go to the Saviour! And though I am young, and my words are those of a child, yet you must believe them. Although they are the words of a child, they are meant for your well-being! For God's sake, believe them, dear friends!"

Such were some of the words of the child, who, in this extraordinary state, had something saint-like in her appearance. Her utterance was soft and clear: not a word was retracted or repeated; and her voice, which in her waking state had a peculiar harshness, had now a wonderful brilliancy and clearness of tone, which produced great effect. The whole assembly observed the deepest silence, and many wept.

These children, during all the time they were subject to this influence, had, as the parents stated, tolerably good appetites, although they were particular as to the food they ate, taking by preference milk and fruit, especially dried apples and cherries, of which it was necessary for the parents to keep a good stock.

The bishop tells us that these children were cured by medicines which he himself procured for them. The disease, according to his account, was frequently cured thus, though generally in its earlier stages. He does not anywhere state that death was the consequence of it; though he says that the patient sometimes foretold his own death. He tells us that many of the "quaking people" were taken to the hospitals, and on their arrival there were found to be free from any symptom of the disease whatever; but scarcely had they returned home, when it again appeared in its full force. Many individuals also, by means of a firm will and a faithful endeavour to counteract it, succeeded in doing so. Others, on the contrary, from their belief of the disease being of a divine character, became predisposed for the contagion, both bodily and mentally; and thus, being attacked, helped to make it worse by their own superstition and submission to it.

He concludes by saying, that as the phenomenon in question lay out of the sphere of human knowledge and experience, its extraordinary and miraculous character struck the mind with awe, which produced a very general religious movement among the perfectly healthy portion of the community. The consequence of this has been to send multitudes of persons to the churches and meeting houses, who otherwise would never have gone there; and in many instances it has effected the most vital change in life and sentiments. Many a one has thus become a diligent reader of the Scriptures, and has been weaned from drunkenness and other vices; and showy dresses, crooked combs, dancing, and the much abhorred May-pole merriment, in many parts, have fallen into disuse. The bishop himself saw by the road-side a May-pole which had been cut down from this cause, and he also knew a poor man who gained his livelihood by fiddling, who burned his violin, that it might not be a cause of sin to himself or others. How like is this to many a passage in the books of the early Quakers!

In the province of Skaraborg alone, where the disease did not prevail so generally as in other parts, the number of persons affected by it amounted, in 1843, to from two to three thousand; and in this province many healthy people, particularly boys, gave themselves out as belonging to this class, and rambled from place to place, making religious harangues, and thus gaining a good livelihood. These impostors were often mistaken for the preaching-diseased, and through them means honest afflicted persons were brought into discredit, and often made to suffer.

As in the case of the Bishop of Skara, the clergy, throughout the districts where the disease prevailed, used all the means in their power to put a stop to it, but in vain; the governors of the provinces then interfered. Medical men were sent out; many of the patients placed in hospitals, and others were attended at home; and by the end of 1843, the disease had almost ceased to exist. Nothing of the kind seems to prevail at present: but as I am informed by a Swedish clergyman, the good effect produced by it on the minds of many an otherwise hardened sinner, remains to testify of its truth and reality, although no one, whether learned in the science of physical or spiritual life, can yet explain the cause and nature of this extraordinary mental phenomenon.

### THE RIGHT HON. HENRY ADDINGTON.

*The Life and Correspondence of the Right Hon. Henry Addington, first Viscount Sidmouth.* By the Hon. George Peilew, DD., Dean of Norwich. 3 vols Murray

It has often occurred to us that a history of the administrations that have successively swayed the interests of this country in recent times would be a most valuable accession to our literature. Such a work would enable us to trace more distinctly than is now possible the progress of public opinion;—which is, after all, the grand moving spring of government. It must besides be most natural and instructive to contemplate the affairs of the nation, at any given period, in connection with those whose hands actually held the reins of power. It appears to us that ordinary readers have very imperfect and confused ideas respecting those changes of ministry which form the natural epochs and divisions of our modern history. Still less do they know the causes of those fluctuations, an inquiry into which would bring them to an accurate acquaintance with the condition of the people at large. The materials for such a work are abundant—and continually on the increase. Meantime, we welcome the appearance of such volumes as those now before us.

The correspondence of official personages, and especially of such as have held the honours of the premiership, must prove, in future years, of incalculable value to the historical student. Of this important class are the Letters of Lord Sidmouth;—which under any manner of editorship, would have commanded a place in each well furnished library. Here, they are brought before the public by careful—we had almost added,—hands; and rendered complete and intelligible by links of narrative judiciously interspersed—and so brief as to give us all the benefits without the egotism of an autobiography.

If, however, we attach importance to this publication, it is not from any exalted opinion of Lord Sidmouth's abilities. Assuredly, he was not a statesman of the first class; nor have any of his friends, as far as we know, set up such a claim on his behalf. He is seen, besides, to disadvantage in contrast with Pitt, whom he succeeded in office. There are many illustrious reputations that would have been less if, like Sidmouth, their owners had moved amongst the grander luminaries of that brilliant age. The successor of Pitt must have had no small merit to preserve his government from seeming contemptible,—especially in that critical and important period, when national disaffection and external hostility combined to throw difficulties in the way of the minister. Mr. Addington came into office at a time when England was engaged, almost single-handed, in her contest with France—when Napoleon was concentrating all his strength for his projected invasion—and when the enormous expenditure

of former years had laid upon the people a pressure of taxation which surrounded the minister with accumulated financial embarrassments. Yet, to say nothing of his success in carrying out the measures of his predecessors, before the close of his first year of office "suddenly all Europe was astounded by the intelligence that preliminaries of peace had been signed in London, by Lord Hawkesbury and Mr. Otto on the 1st October." Subsequent events proved that a permanent peace was still very far distant; but the fact is mentioned to show that Mr. Addington's ministry was not merely respectable—but that, under the most adverse circumstances, it achieved for itself some considerable renown.

After all, however, it may seem surprising, that a man not of the very highest order of talent should attain such official eminence; and we naturally desire to look a little more minutely at the circumstances which led to Lord Sidmouth's elevation. For this purpose, it will be necessary that we should take a review of the principal points of his biography.

Henry, Viscount Sidmouth, was the son of Dr. Addington, an eminent physician of the last century—the friend and medical adviser of the elder Pitt. He was of such celebrity, that, in 1788, though he had for many years before retired from practice, he was called in to consult upon the alarming malady of George III. Notwithstanding the intimacy between their fathers, Henry Addington and the younger Pitt did not come in contact till the former had completed his education and entered upon the study of the law. His introduction to the illustrious statesman diverted him from the profession to which he had been destined, into the more brilliant paths of political distinction. He became member for Devizes: and, though he often spoke in Parliament, distinguished himself for laborious application to business. It was then, doubtless, that he laid the foundation of that extensive and accurate acquaintance with public affairs which in his case supplied the place of genius for government. His cultivated mind, sound judgment, and integrity won for him the esteem of all parties;—so that at the age of thirty two years he was chosen Speaker of the House of Commons, amidst very general congratulations. On this important epoch of his life his biographer remarks:—

"His elevation to this high dignity was a striking instance of the reputation that can sometimes be obtained without any studied and public display of talent, simply by steady habits of application, by persevering attention to business, and above all, by a well founded reputation for knowledge, temper, judgment and integrity."

\* \* \* \* \* Ere many months had passed, both parties in the House were vying with each other in conferring substantial marks of favor upon their new President; and it was generally remarked of him, both during and subsequently to the long period that he occupied the chair, that no Speaker ever succeeded in commanding the respect and attention of the House, or enjoyed to a larger extent its confidence and affection. 'We were all very sorry to vote against you,' was Sheridan's first address to him on taking the chair. The number of congratulations that flowed in on father and son upon the happy occasion was almost overwhelming. Lord Oxford mentions as a memorable circumstance the compliment paid to the new Speaker by the king, who went down to the House for the special purpose of receiving him, the very first time, he had been to the joy of his subjects, upon the throne, since his restoration to health. Gilpin, the preceptor of his infancy, wrote a letter, in which there is one passage, so characteristic of the man, that it must, on no account, be passed over:—

"I was in some little pain at first how you could restrain the natural modesty of your disposition on so sudden an elevation to one of the most awful posts I know; but, Sir John Doyley, and other gentlemen, gave such an account of your setting out, that all apprehensions for you are now over, and I have only to regret, as a picturesque man, that such an enlightened countenance as God Almighty has given you, should be shrouded in a bush of horsehair."

Huntington, also, his tutor at Winchester, celebrated the occasion in a manner peculiar to himself, by forwarding a long and somewhat difficult copy of Greek verses, which, as the usual business of the session was then at its height with the trial of Warren Hastings superadded, it was rather to be hoped than expected that the Speaker should find time to interpret."

Lord Sidmouth presided over three consecutive parliaments; and during his twelve years of office witnessed some of the most important transactions that ever took place in that august assembly. The honor which was paid to him by his own party was scarcely more marked than that which he received from the Opposition. It was in his favor that the Speaker's salary, which had hitherto been fluctuating and uncertain, was fixed at an annual sum of £6,000. Among his political opponents, Mr. Fox especially gave repeated evidences of his personal regard.—

"When one of the Speaker's children was alarmingly ill, Mr. Fox never omitted his daily inquiries at the door. And upon some occasions when he observed the Speaker resorting to the customary injunction, 'Order, order, or I shall name names,' he good humoredly amused himself with the following anecdote respecting two former Speakers illustrative of the mysterious expression:—Mr. Wilkes once ventured to ask Mr. Speaker Onslow what would be the consequences of his naming names! 'The Lord in Heaven only knows, sir, what the consequences would be,' was the solemn reply! Some years afterwards, Mr. Fox himself put the same question to Sir Fletcher Norton; who carelessly answered:—'Happen! hang me, if I either know or care.' Mr. Fox afterwards related this anecdote to the House in the debate of the 23rd of April, 1804."

One of Lord Sidmouth's favorite anecdotes related to the memorable action of the 1st June, 1794:—

"Vice Admiral, Sir Alan, afterwards Lord Gardner, a man of undaunted bravery but of remarkable sensitive and retiring temperament being at that time member for Plymouth, was, according to custom, to receive, through the Speaker, the honor of the thanks of the House, in his place in Parliament. On the appointed day, before the commencement of business, he entered the Speaker's private room in great agitation, and expressed his apprehensions that he should fail in properly acknowledging the honor which he was about to receive. 'I have often been at the cannon's mouth,' said he, 'but hang me if I ever felt as I do now! I have not slept these three nights. Look at my tongue. The Speaker rang for a bottle of Madeira, and Sir Alan took a glass. After a short pause, he took a second: and then said he felt somewhat better; but when the moment of trial arrived, and one of the bravest of a gallant profession, whom no personal danger could appal, rose to reply to the Speaker, he could scarcely articulate. He was encouraged by enthusiastic cheers from all parts of the House, but after stammering out, with more than the usual amount of truth, that 'he was everpowered by the honors that had been conferred upon him,' and vainly attempting to add a few more words, he relinquished the idea as hopeless, and abruptly resumed his seat amidst a renewed burst of cheers."

In one instance, Mr. Addington's conduct in the chair is open to animadver-

sion;—in reference, namely, to the duel between Mr. Tierney and Mr. Pitt. But as Pitt's biographer has passed a just censure upon all the parties concerned, which the editor of the Correspondence before us expressly allows, it is not necessary to dwell long upon the subject. Lord Sidmouth's partiality for Mr. Pitt misled his judgment on the occasion in question. He should have insisted upon a much more satisfactory explanation of the terms which Mr. Tierney repelled as offensive:—nor is it consistent with our notions of propriety that the Speaker of the House of Commons should be cognizant of such a meeting, and assist the great statesman into the chaise which was to convey him to the spot,—himself following on horseback in time to witness the conclusion of the affair. His duty was to have prevented the occurrence. It was scarcely possible even for the opposition party to pronounce a stronger censure upon his conduct than it deserved; and yet it does not appear that Lord Sidmouth ever considered himself in fault.

So little did the great men, in those days blame themselves for the most absurd violations of law and principle which were distinguished and justified by the "code of honor!"

One of the most remarkable features of the papers now under review is the clear representation which they afford of Mr. Pitt's character. He was on terms of the closest intimacy with Mr. Addington; whose services were described by the dean of Waterford as the channel "through which the minutest intelligence finds its way to the great reservoir of wisdom on which all depend." Hence the letters of Mr. Pitt which appear in this collection, exhibit the man in all the confidence of friendship. The "calm, tranquil, and elastic spirit" which yielded not amidst the storms and terrors of that eventful period—which remained unmoved and resolute when one hope after another was extinguished on the continent, and his friends surrendered themselves to fears of the worst—is here reflected. Judged of by this correspondence, Pitt shows as a man born for the especial crisis—fit to be the prop of a falling empire. But these are the representations of his own friends,—and allowance must be made for their partiality. We might have formed a more complete judgment, but that we have only a fraction of their confidential letters. Lord Sidmouth having selected a portion to be preserved as heirlooms of his family committed the rest to the flames. One hundred quires of manuscript were consumed at one time. We cannot but regret, with his biographer, that so much valuable information "should have been thus irrecoverably lost"—and on the right so to do with manuscript of which a reserved portion is intended for subsequent publication, or submitted to its chances, our opinions are already well known to our readers.

Besides the light which these volumes throw upon the public character of Mr. Pitt, they are remarkable, too, for the insight which they give us into his private habits of friendly and social intercourse. A illustration of this part of the subject may be found in a passage embodying a few of Lord Sidmouth's Speakership anecdotes; while at the same time it presents a fair specimen of the agreeable style in which the biographical part of the work is composed.—

"His Lordship used to say of Pitt, in words first applied by Mr. Burke to Mr. Fox, that he was made to be loved; and, that, likely as he was to be appreciated as a public man, he possessed qualities which entitled him to be still more admired in private life. He was, he thought, the most fascinating companion he ever met with. He had a talent of improving a man's own sentiments, and returning them to him in a better dress, which Lord Sidmouth used to illustrate very happily by the following anecdote:—'See, he said, he dined at Pitt's with Dundas and Adam Smith; when the latter said to him after dinner, 'What an extraordinary man Pitt is—he makes me understand my own ideas better than before.' This faculty Mr. Pitt exemplified to a larger scale on the following occasion:—Mr. Walker, a large cotton manufacturer, Lord Stanley, and Mr. Blackburne, M.P., once waited upon Mr. Pitt's a deputation on the state of the cotton trade; when Pitt succeeded so actually in reconciling them to his own views, which were directly opposed to theirs, that Walker said to Blackburne on leaving Downing-street, 'One could suppose that man had lived in a bleaching-ground all his life;' and yet, said Sidmouth remarked in another conversation, 'How Pitt got his mass of knowledge no one ever knew. He was hardly ever seen with a book in his hand after his accession to power, sat late at table, and never rose till eleven, and then generally took a short ride in the Park.' He must therefore, have attracted information from those he conversed with as plants imbibe nutriment from the air around them. Such intellectual powers, inclosed in so feeble aasket, must, it would have been supposed, have required some description of official support; and accordingly, Mr. Pitt did resort to the stimulant of wine sometimes, as was reported to an extent not altogether consistent with prudie and moderation. On this being remarked to Lord Sidmouth, he observed it Mr. Pitt liked a glass of port wine very well, and a bottle still better; but he never knew him to take too much if he had anything to do, except upon occasion when he was unexpectedly called up to answer a personal attack made upon him by the father of the late Lord Durham. He had left the house with Mr. Dundas in the hour between two election ballots, for the purpose of dining; and when on his return he replied to Mr. Lambton, it was evident his friends that he had taken too much wine. The next morning, Mr. Ley, clerk assistant of the House of Commons, told the Speaker that he had felt ill ever since Mr. Pitt's exhibition on the preceding evening: 'It gave me a violent headache.' On this being repeated to Mr. Pitt, he said he thought it was an excellent arrangement that he should have the wine; the clerk the headache. \* \* \* Lord Sidmouth used occasionally to amuse his friends with stories of a well-known humourist, Mr. Ferguson of Pitfour, who held a seat in the house when his lordship was Speaker. That gentleman used to insist that the government ought always to select a tall man to fill the place of Lord Advocate. 'We Scotch members,' he said, 'always vote with Lord Advocate, and we require therefore to see him in a division. Now we can see Mr. Pitt, and I can see Mr. Addington; but I cannot see the Louvocate.' One day, Pitfour, with several others, was taking his dinner in the rear-room of the House, when some one ran in to tell them that Mr. Pitt was ill. Everybody prepared to leave the table except Ferguson, who remained quietly seated. 'What!' said they, 'won't you go to hear Mr. Pitt?' 'He replied: why should I? Do you think Mr. Pitt would go to hear me? But indeed I would,' said Mr. Pitt, when the circumstance was related to him.—At a dinner given by Mr. Dundas, at Wimbledon, at which Addington, Sheridan, and Erskine were present, the latter was rallied on his not taking prominent a position in the debates in parliament as his high talents and reation entitled him to assume, when Sheridan said, 'I'll tell you how it happened; you are afraid of Pitt, and that is the flabby part of your character.' Some anecdotes are recorded of Mr. Fox—who always treated the Speaker in the most courteous manner. Mr. Addington, on one of his few holidays during the heat of the French revolution, was riding past the grounds of St. Albans, when he was espied over the pales by the owner, who called out to him to stop. Mr. Fox then invited him into his garden, showed him its beauties, & he parti-

ularly admired some weeping ash trees, very kindly offered to send him cuttings at the proper season. Some months afterwards Mr. Fox, who had just been attending a stormy meeting in Palace Yard, went up to the Speaker in the House, and said, 'I have not forgotten your cuttings, but have brought them up to town with me, and you must treat them so and so.' In five minutes more he was warmly engaged in debate with Pitt and Burke. Mr. Fox delighted in his seat at St. Ann's Hill. At an important epoch of the French revolution, on some one asking where is Fox? General Fitzpatrick answered, 'I dare say he is at home, sitting on a haycock, reading novels and watching the jays stealing his cherries.' On one occasion, during the progress of Mr. Hastings' trial, Mr. Fox, struck by the solemnity of Lord Thurlow's appearance, said to the Speaker, 'I wonder whether any one ever was so wise as Thurlow looks.'

In the beginning of the year 1801, Mr. Addington was called, from the chair of the House of Commons, to be the first minister of the Crown;—but this high honour has not tended to enhance his reputation. His brief career proved that, though a sensible and judicious man, he was not fitted to direct the counsels of a great nation in great and trying times. Yet he had the advantage of a well-concerted system of measures devised by his predecessor; the success of which, for a time, cast a false lustre over his administration. He possessed but feeble powers as a debater,—a capital defect in a Premier; nor was it compensated by a capacious and comprehensive mind, equal to the extent and magnitude of the interests to be subserved. He could not have come into such an office at all but for the disagreement between the King and Mr. Pitt on the Catholic question: nor could he have sustained his government for any considerable time in vigour and efficiency had he not in the outset been warmly supported by Mr. Pitt—whose measures he adopted and carried out. Accordingly, when he broke with Pitt,—who in the end was almost as hostile as Fox himself—Addington's administration sank into utter imbecility, and was unable to contend against its difficulties. Without going so far as to characterize this change of ministry as a "juggle," it is difficult upon a review of all the facts, to resist the impression that, whether Mr. Addington did or did not appreciate his true position, he was little more than "*locum tenens*" for his illustrious friend—whose countenance and support was absolutely essential to his success. In forming this judgment, we have not forgotten the short-lived peace of Amiens, nor the merits of his financial arrangements,—the only two measures upon which his fame as a statesman can rest. But with these in view, we are yet constrained to allow that, however respectable a government like his might have been in less exciting times, it was destitute of that strength and spirit which nothing but the presiding influence of a master mind can infuse.

It is beyond the function of the *Athenaeum* to meddle with Lord Sidmouth's political opinions:—and, in fact, the value of this Correspondence cannot be affected by any party considerations. It belongs to the history of the period. Historically, then, we may mention that one strong opinion entertained by that statesman had an incalculable influence upon his advancement, because it exactly coincided with the prejudices of the Sovereign. He was determinately opposed to Catholic Emancipation; the necessity of which was even then strenuously maintained by Mr. Pitt, notwithstanding the violent resistance of the King. His Majesty was continually haunted with terrible conceptions of the sanctity of his coronation oath; and it is really painful to contemplate the bewildered desperation with which he fled for refuge to the sympathizing judgment of Addington—who, in virtue of this single bond, became the monarch's bosom friend for life. The royal epistles in this collection clearly show that the mutual attachment of the King and Lord Sidmouth was personal rather than official. His lordship's behaviour, too, was always of that respectful and deferential kind which contrasted favourably, in the monarch's estimation, with the lofty and unpliant bearing of Mr. Pitt. The former entertained a degree of reverence for royalty almost amounting to superstition; and proportionately valued the honour of that mass of friendly correspondence with which he was favoured. Yet our knowledge of this superstitious loyalty had scarcely prepared us for the picture which his biographer has drawn of a venerable nobleman stealing continually to the cabinet which contained these precious relics of his earlier days of official eminence. We should, ourselves, have been disposed to draw a veil over these traces of a spirit somewhat beneath the dignity of a British statesman.

We shall return again to these volumes. They contain numerous notices of many distinguished characters of the period—whose friendship Lord Sidmouth reckoned among the honours of his life. With an anecdote of Nelson we will, for the present conclude:—

"On Lord Nelson's return to England from his glorious services at Copenhagen, an interview ensued between his lordship and Mr. Addington to which the latter was fond of referring in after years. The conversation turning on the circumstance of Nelson's having continued the action after the Admiral had made the signal of recall, Mr. Addington told him he was a bold man to disregard the orders of his superior: to which he replied, that any one may be depended upon under ordinary circumstances, but that the man of real value was he who would persevere at all risks, and under the heaviest responsibilities. 'But,' he added, 'in the midst of it all, I depended upon you; for I knew that, happen what might, if I did my duty you would stand by me.'

When relating this anecdote, Mr. Addington used to remark, that "he felt the confidence thus reposed in him by such a man, on such an occasion, as one of the highest compliments he had ever received."

### PETER WINCH.

THE MAN WHO ALWAYS HAD A PENNY.

There lived at a little village near Redcar, in the North Riding of Yorkshire—a village celebrated for its east wind and gravelly soil—a poor, but industrious labourer, named Peter Winch. He was a strong-boned, sinewy man, and stood five feet ten inches. He always worked from six in the morning till six at night, summer and winter. His usual work was in the limestone quarries and gravel-pits; and sometimes, when work was slack there, in consequence of hard frost, or a heavy fall of snow, he drove a team, broke stones in the road, carted ice for the fishmongers of Redcar, or swept snow and chopped dead wood in gardeners' grounds, while the frozen out gardeners were begging in the town. In one way or the other, Peter Winch always worked twelve hours a day,—often fourteen hours, never less than twelve,—and he had done this ever since he was ten years old. He was now in his forty-eighth year. By dint of his constant labours, he had always contrived to live with honest independence, as an English labourer should. In the very worst seasons, he had never once applied to his parish for relief; he always paid his way; never borrowed; hated to run in debt for the least thing; and, from a feeling of providence in his mind, not knowing what might happen in this world, he made it a rule never to spend his last penny.

Peter Winch, when a young man, had often wished to be married; but he

was always prevented, by being unable to see his way, in the matter of bread and cheese, and clothing. Young men of the working class—and of classes above them too—scarcely ever seemed to think, beforehand, of how they should support a wife and family. But Peter Winch was a very strange man, for a poor man, in this exercise of discretion and common sense. "Those above me," thought Peter Winch, "can afford to be imprudent, and trust to their friends, or their good luck: but a hard-working man, like me, has no friends that can help him; and as for good luck, he can never expect it. By working twelve hours a day, and sometimes fourteen, I have always been able to support myself without any obligations, without any debts at all,—in short, to obtain sufficient food, and clothing, and lodging, and to stand quite clear with the world. But, in doing this, I have been quite unable to save a shilling. At this very time I have only a penny in my pocket;—'tis true, I want for nothing except a wife,—but what a want that is! Yet how can I venture upon such a waggon-load of fresh needs, as would be sure to follow; such a long string of cares and sleepless nights! It makes me have so many thoughts, that sometimes there seems enough of them to fill a church. And, if Martha Brown had not such pretty eyes, and little black curls all around the back of her neck, I certainly never would think of it.

Peter bought the ring the day after his great soliloquy; and honest, hard-working independent, prudent, poor Peter Winch, was married to Martha Brown. It was not done upon the strength of the penny in his pocket; he did not deceive himself, and knew he was acting very imprudently;—it was the strength of his feelings that carried him away. He therefore determined to risk all his future life upon those pretty eyes and little black curls. Nevertheless, Peter had not been deficient in sense as to his choice. Martha was a healthy, strong, hard-working, cheerful young woman, who would rather be a help than a burden to a working man. She was five-and-twenty years of age. Peter Winch was thirty. Among the working classes, an unmarried man, sound of limb, and of the age of thirty, is almost unprecedented. Such a personage as an old bachelor, is unknown among the working-classes. With what ease does such a sentence drop quietly out of the pen; but what a world of destitution and misery it involves!

Peter, however, had made a good choice. He and his wife worked hard, morning, noon, and night, and by this means Peter not only paid his way, and supported his wife, and three children, without spending his last penny, but they would have been happy, and even comfortable, only for a misfortune, that was sure to bring many others upon them. He and his wife had contrived to grind on through life pretty well, notwithstanding the three children; but there came three more children—and then came the measles, and the small-pox, and the hooping-cough; and Martha was often ailing, and could not work, and one child broke its leg, and the eldest girl fell down stairs, with the baby in her arms; and the doctor came, and an unusually cold winter came, and Christmas came—with several bills.

While Peter had been a single man, he never owed a penny—his daily work of twelve hours had always prevented that. While his wife continued well, and strong, and they only had three children, Peter had still contrived to pay for everything weekly, so that he ran no scores. Now it was quite impossible to help it. Besides, he had of late felt unwell himself, and had pains in his joints, and, once or twice, giddiness in the head. He did not "lay by," however, or cease his work for a single day; he was too poor to afford to be ill, so long as he could stand; he therefore continued to work his twelve hours a day as usual—and sometimes fourteen. He often came home so tired that he sank down upon the bed unable to take off his clothes. In the morning, up before six as usual—and at it again. He paid everything as far as he could, and when he came to his last penny, he replaced that in his pocket, saying, with a melancholy smile, "Well, you do not belong to me, because I owe you to the baker and the doctor; but I will keep you honestly for them, and pay a soon as I can." And poor Peter Winch did, in a few years, contrive to pay every penny he owed, and keep one over for himself. He and his wife made a little joke about this fancy of his, about always having a penny. Peter said it made him feel "independent like," and as if he was not quite reduced to the last extremity.

Peter was now in his forty-eighth year; this was stated at the commencement of his story, and we have thus regularly worked him down to that period. From ten years of age he has ground his way through life, in gravel-pits, in stone-quarries, on hard roads, through winter and summer, and amidst breast-biting east winds, driving teams, carting ice, and pottering about frozen gardens, twelve and fourteen hours a day; never asking any relief from the parish—always paying his way, with credit to himself, and being considered a pattern for all working men in his parish. As the reward of all this, he has always been able to obtain the bare means of existence—and to wear the uncommon feather in his cap, of having a penny to spare after paying for everything. He has had a beautiful time of it!

Peter Winch was forty eight. We have said that he was a strong-boned sinewy man; that he had originally possessed an equal strong constitution, the constant hard labour of eight-and-thirty years is a sufficient proof. However, bone and muscle must wear out as well as bricks and mortar; and the strongest constitution cannot be expected to set at complete defiance the ungenial influences, gravel-pits, east winds, and the variety of labours performed by the mortal machinery of poor Peter Winch. This man, being now only in what, with anything like fair wear and tear, would have been the prime of his life and strength, began to display signs of a rapid break up. His constitution went first. He often felt unwell; he was quite unable to work more than six or seven hours in the day; his breath grew short. He next found that lifting great weights hurt him and, somehow, after a few hours carting gravel he actually had pains in his loins and back. One day, while carrying a sack of potatoes, he fell down; he could give no reason for it. The winters were colder than they used to be eight or ten years ago, and he was obliged to give up carting ice—he always took such bad colds and coughs by standing about with wet feet. Even the wind—the east one—seemed to get right into his chest under his shirt—he could not make out what was come to him. Poor, hard-worked, honest, worn-out daily labourer! he did not know that it was premature Old Age who had come to him. Somehow he could not work as he once did. He would pause at times, and look down upon his feet; and resume his spade or pick-axe with a sigh.

He was taken ill one afternoon, and unable to leave the house next day. As he sat in his chair by the fire, being in his forty ninth year, the light came up to his face, and showed that it was full of deep lines, and pits, and hard grains. He looked like a dry, tanned, worn-down old man of ninety. He sat silently in this way a few days; he would not send for the doctor; he said it was all no use.

As Peter Winch was unable to work, and as he had never been able to lay by money, because of his family and because of his honest payment of his way, and because he would never apply to the parish for relief, he was now obliged to run

into debt ; his family could not live without doing so. Peter paid away all he had, even to his last penny—then began the bills and borrowings. He had always held up his head, and had never yet applied to the parish ; his wife was now obliged to apply for out-door relief, and the overseer at the workhouse told her that they should be admitted into the house. Peter quietly refused to go in ; and a few days afterwards he died—he had said he knew it was all over with him when he parted with his last penny. It was not because of parting with it—this would have been absurd—he was far too strong-minded a man for this ; it was because the parting with his very last penny marked, in his mind, the final failure of a whole life of unremitting laborious toils and honest endeavours—the only product of which had been the day by day, and week by week, means of existence, which he had worn himself out by earning. All his vitality had been exclusively devoted to gravel pits and roads, and every other kind of hard work that fell in his way ; and he had no time for the chance of his mind's fair growth—no time for domestic affections and a little amusement—no time for a quiet communion with his God; his whole physical, mental, moral, and spiritual nature had been kneaded into dust and clod—such is the result of life—of how many lives ! Moreover, Peter Winch was a man out of the pale of pity, being in his circumstances, by reason of his unremitting assiduity, a degree above the great majority of his class. He never troubled his parish, and he always had a trifle in hand (say a penny) beyond his actual and immediate necessities. Who would pity such a man ?

### THE LILY HAND OF RIMINI.

BY L. MARIOTTI.

Nina lay in her bed. How " bravely and Cytherea-like she became it," angels may tell better than mortals.

The clock had struck twelve. Nina had laid down her book—the drowsy charmer she had called to her aid to lull her to sleep. The flame, from an alabaster lamp showered down its chaste unflickering beams ; wooing, soothing. The last embers died away in the hearth, diffusing their genial warmth without a crack or murmur. Not a curtain was seen to heave, not a breath to stir the damask of that silken apartment.

Nina's kind hosts were fully aware of the treasure they harboured under their roof. More than maternal care had presided over her comforts, strewn her couch, and smoothed her pillow. Her aunt herself, the lady of Professor Mascagni, had shown the lovely girl to her chamber, disrobed her, trusting no one else with the offices of her waiting-maid. She hung in fond admiration over her as she bade her " good night," pressed her matronly lips on her brow, and called down Heaven's blessings on her dear head. Professor Mascagni was proud of his guest. Long and earnestly had he sued for her, half-borrowed, half-stolen her from her anxious parents at Rimini. He had torn her from her mother's embrace, conveyed her home in triumph, and secured her within the ivy-grown walls of his old-fashioned suburban paradise near Pologna.

The Professor had some design on his niece, and the latter was not without a boding heart about it ; for she knew him to be an enterprising match-maker—Professor Mascagni had attained an European reputation as an anatomical discoverer. Ease and affluence had waited on his exertions, he rested now under the shade of his laurels. He was a gentleman surgeon, and only practised as an amateur. His wife, a lady of the noble house of Lanzi, had raised him in rank and wealth, and it was precisely for the gratification of this proud dame, that Nina, her niece, found herself domesticated amidst the cool groves and cooler arbours of the professor's villa. A flirtation was to be encouraged between the beauty of Rimini and a Roman youth, Lorenzo da Rizzo, a student of the university, a willing captive long chained to her chariot.

Was it the strangeness of the bed, or was it the closeness of the room, the glare of the lamp and heat of the fire that kept Nina de Lanzi so late awake in her bed ? Was her heart fluttering with the anticipated meeting of the handsome admirer she had long affected to spurn at home ? or did her brain reel with the sounds and sights of the ball that her good hosts had announced in her honour for the following night ? Or had the book she had just thrown listlessly aside conjured up images that still wrought on her nerves, and haunted her in her sleeplessness ? Or might there be other motives besides ?

It was a lovely object to look upon. Her blooming countenance, bathed in the faint gleam of that subdued light glowed with its warm incarnadine, like a spring flower steeped in liquid pearl. Her dark eyes flashed fresh and lustrous in the tretting of that prolonged unrest, as they watched the last sparks of the waning fire. Her round right arm bare to the shoulder, was thrown negligently above her head with the snowy hand slack and open—that hand the pride of her beauty, the loveliest part of a person, every feature, every form of which was transcent loveliness.

The worship the Spaniards pay to the ankle of their brown beauties, is, in Italy, addressed to the colour and shape of the hand. One of the old Italian rhytome smiths indited a whole *canzoniere* to the "Bella Mano." Nina's hand, unwatched in Northern Italy, went by the name of "The Lily of Rimini."

Presently her face languidly emerged from the pillow. The shade of the drooping lashes was partly lowered on the weary orbs which they curtailed, the dews of incipient slumber stood on the downy cheek, the breath came slower and heavier, and the lips fell asunder.

She dreamt ere she slept. The tide of flitting emotions hardly ruffled the ineffable calmness of those composed features. The breath of heavenly purity, of coy and timid tenderness, of all maidenly truth and holiness issued from the fragrant mouth. Surely angel's heart never heaved under a gentler bosom.

But lo ! on a sudden the slumbering beauty is seen to writhe throughout her frame. A cold, humid, clammy, sensation sends a chill through her veins. The icy palm of a shrivelled hand presses hers vehemently, convulsively. It was but one instant, and two lips frozen and stiffened as if by death rested with lingering fondness on the clasped hand.

Seconds elapsed ere instinct of terror prevailed over the trance of surprise. But Nina de Lanzi was possessed of a more than feminine daring spirit. She did not scream. Her heart rebelled against the evidence of her senses. By a sudden effort she roused herself and started up in her bed.

Up she stood, stifling the throbs of her bosom, gazing boldly, steadfastly around.

Her eye glanced behind. The door—she saw it—was gliding noiselessly on its hinges, as if closing slowly, stealthily on the heels of a receding person.

She saw it distinctly. She was but too wide awake. The moisture of death oozed from her temples. She felt a choking at her throat.

Her fingers were still white—numbed almost with the deadly pressure they had lately undergone, and a livid impression still marked the spot where the icy lips of the phantasm had clung.

A reaction of crushing, overwhelming terror now succeeded to that first outburst of animal spirits. With her eyes riveted on that dreaded door, she sat up, spell-bound, in her bed, striving to nerve her heart against the chances of a second intrusion ; but long and tedious rolled the hours ; the morning dawned gray at the casement, and the door gave no sign.

Courage returned with daylight. " And did she suffer her imagination thus to gain the upperhand of her better understanding ? And could nightmares get so powerful a hold on the senses ? Could illusion continue after reviving consciousness ? And was her hand never before numbed by cold or by the straining of an awkward posture ? "

By these and similar arguments she laughed her own fears to scorn. It was a faint laugh, nevertheless ; nor was it without a shudder she went through the redoubted door that played such awful freaks at midnight.

The following day was merry and sunny. There was a long stroll with the professors children at the Montagnola.\* Then romping and frolicking in the garden at home. Then a hasty dinner ; then rigging and decking, smoothing and trimming for the evening show. And lamps were lighted, guests crowded in, and Nina de Lanzi stood up with her partner.

From the moment she quitted the haunted apartment she had not had one second's leis-ure to bestow on her nocturnal adventure.

The lovely Nina stood up with her partner. The professor's lady had that evening surpassed all her former achievements. The *elite* of Lombard loveliness was here, and the sprightly students of the university, the young blood of the land, doing homage at their feet.

Nina de Lanzi and Lorenzo da Rizzo led the van of the first quadrille. The latter bright, manly, beaming, elate with the excitement of happy affection and gratified vanity ; the former, a somewhat short, but unspeakably graceful figure, shaped, created, as it were, for the dance, at that early stage of the festivities still pensive and feverish with the unrest, with the vaguely remembered visitation of the previous night.

She soon rallied, nevertheless. Her head rose and was thrown backward with a half disdainful toss, as she caught the first notes of the inspiring strain from the orchestra. Her rich hazel hair, in a maze of ringlets and tresses, bounded witchingly on her rounded shoulders, while her hand—the Lily of Rimini—it was seldom that she condescended to imprison it in white kid—waved gracefully in the air towards the youth of her choice.

Her truant partner had, however, but for one second deserted his post. Some difficulty in the distribution of the following couples had occasioned a momentary delay. At a beck from the lady of the house, Da Rizzo had stepped up to her to give her the benefit of his advice. His absence was unnoticed by Nina, who, with averted head, continued to hold out to him the fair prize so ardently solicited.

Suddenly a shriek of anguish and terror, loud above the din of festive instruments, rang through the crowded apartment.

An awful pause ensued : every eye was instantly turned upon Nina.

She stood alone at her place, gazing vacantly at her hand. The finger ends were white, the nails blue, as if with intense cold. The hand of death had been once more busy with them.

" Who has done it ? " she gasped, " what sad mockery is this ? "

The whole company crowded up to her, aghast in the sympathy of her own consternation.

The attentions of the multitude oppressed her. She stamped impatiently. She was conveyed to a cooler room. In a few minutes she had recovered thoroughly. She asked to be allowed to retire. Remonstrances were all in vain—irritated her. The dreaded apartment—she was too proud to evince her repugnance—was hastily got ready for her. Half playfully, half forcibly she secured a bed fellow in the person of Juliet, the eldest of the Professor's children, a girl aged twelve ; and her lamps were carefully trimmed, the fire blazed in the chimney.

Her anxious hostess lingered in the room, till for the third time bidden to go. Little Juliet, nothing loth to give up her juvenile beaux, had already gone to roost. Nina showed her aunt to the door—listened to her retreating foot fall ; then carefully locked and bolted the door.

Almost blushing with shame, she cast a hurried glance under the bed ; she peeped behind the window curtains. She came back rubbing her hands, and breathing freely. Yet two minutes and she was in the arms of the already unconscious Juliet.

The company in the hall were bewildered ; the notes of the violin grating in every ear. Dancing became impracticable. Conversation was carried on in ominous whispers.

Twelve o'clock had struck. The fire burned still. The lamps shone wan and faint. The two girls lay grouped in each other's arms. Girls have a peculiar talent for grouping. Arms and necks, all the soft limbs of the young creatures were coiled and twined together, as if they lay for models of the graces.

The warmth of their young blood was diffused all over the room, and the fragrance of their breath. Their cheeks glowed in contact, and their lips were glued to each other.

Both were quiet ; but whilst one was many fathoms deep in the sleep of blessed innocence, the other's eyes glared uneasy and fitful as if constantly on the watch for coming terrors.

Poor Nina was game to the last. She would not fear, would not believe : she cursed the morbidity of her fancy.

" What ? " she said, " ghosts from the grave, to do homage to the Lily Hand of Rimini ? 'Tis conscience maketh coward of us all : and what did conscience reproach her with ? The heart-ache, forsooth, some silly fop declared the sight of her gave him ? Ha ! ha ! It was all the work of weariness, of illusion.

" And yet the ball-scene ! was it also a freak of the imagination ? mere jugglery ? That sudden discoloration of the tip of her fingers—was any one present aware of it ? Could spectres haunt us in a crowd ? "

With these reasonings she soothed herself, attuned her mind to repose and security. " After all, " she concluded, " Juliet was there."

The presence of an infant, nay, of a lap-dog, is enough to allay supernatural fears. That poor sleeping, defenceless being broke through the awfulness of Nina's solitude. She pressed the little bed-fellow in her arms, and the storm in her bosom subsided.

The heightened colour in her face ; the veil lowering on her eyes, the

\* The Public promenade a. Bologna.

flutter and chaos of her thoughts, were hailed by her as symptoms of incipient somnolency.

She disengaged herself from the too close embrace of the little friend; buried her face in her pillow, and composed her limbs to her habitual ease.

Her manœuvres, however careful and light, did not fail to produce analogous movement on the part of the clinging girl. Her little, hands both of which were turned round Nina's right, with all the fervour of sisterly tenderness, at once relaxed, and the arm of the latter, thrown fondly over the child's neck, remained thus hanging in the air, almost outside the bed.

At this same moment, the released hand was clasped in another's. The sepulchral cold again crept from the fingers' ends to the very heart's blood. Once more the earthly touch of a dead man's lips left its mark on the dimples of the Lily of Rimini.

This time Nina, though only half in her senses, was more on her guard. She rushed from her place, darted from her bed, and as her eye forthwith directed itself to the fatal door, once more, by some imperceptible impulse, it seemed to fall to, following the invisible intruder in his retreat.

We have described Nina de Lanzi as a high-minded, stout-hearted girl. Yet the reader will have some difficulty to credit the daringfeat we are about to narrate.

By a degree of elasticity and presence of mind rare in a hero, she rose superior to her first stress of dismay. She seized her lamp with unquailing hand—with a steady step she made for the door.

It would be difficult to describe how she opened it. By an unconscious act of volition, the door yielded to her touch, and she found herself on the outside.

All was still there, dark and lonely. The buzz of the revellers from the state apartments came faint, stifled by distance.

The Professor's villa was a straggling mansion, all on one floor. Nina's chamber, the best spare bed room, opened into a square landing. The door on the right led to the state apartments, and from these the hum of confused voices was audible. On the opposite side was a long gallery, and at the termination of this a dark door loomed ominously in the distance.

Nina stepped out onto the landing. Only for two or three days an inmate of the house, she allowed herself to be guided by instinct. She crossed the landing and darted into the unknown corridor.

The objects around danced and swam before her eyes. The door at the end of the gallery seemed to swing on its hinges: and when the vetorous girl reached it she found it ajar.

There was a short pause. A qualm of irresolution sickened her at heart. The lamp shook in her hand.

Once more she rallied; with her bare foot she pushed open the door. She stood within the threshold.

The floor was strewn with sand, which grated under her feet. The walls were bare, dank; a long table, covered by a white cloth, stood in the middle.

The girl went up to it. She lifted up the sheet. The shrunken features of the dead were grinning before her. She was in the Professor's dissecating room.

It was the corpse of a man in the prime of youth. It came nameless to the house, merely labelled No. 373, from the hospital. Busy with his festive preparations, Professor Mascaigni had not even found time to pay a visit to the "subject" in his laboratory. He was a stranger in town, unknown at the asylum, where he had laid himself down to die.

Happy and young, Nina de Lanzi had never before looked on the solemn aspect of death. She gazed at it in speechless fascination. In her startled fancy the body seemed instinct with life. It breathed; its chill breath reached her; the lips quivered—they glowed, yet, with the voluptuousness of the kiss they had stolen.

A piercing shriek, a heavy fall on the floor, soon caused a rush from the alarmed revellers in the hall. Nina revived after a few minutes; but her entire recovery from the ghastly scene was the work of years.

Two of these were spent with her mother at Rimini, ere she felt sufficient strength to stand up at the altar, to utter the solemn vows which were to bind her to the fortunate Lorenzo da Rizzo.

Even in that occurrence, a misgiving, as if the warm hand which clasped hers might be superseded by the icy fingers of death, irresistibly crept to her heart. Deadly paleness stood on her cheeks, and she glanced uneasily around. But two years' burial had, as it seems, cooled the posthumous admiration of the dreaded No. 373, and the bestowal of the "Lily hand" was suffered to go through without further interruption.

Even after many years of wedded life, Nina's hand—we will not venture to say how carefully it lay hid under the blankets—was never exhibited ungloved in a ball-room.

### Miscellaneous Articles.

#### MAY FLIES AND SPORTING TACKLE

A correspondent of the Boston Rambler, furnishes the following humor, our article:

"A walk through Washington street one fine day last week, reminded us forcibly of our grouse-shooting and fly-fishing days. A mature virgin passed before us in bright colors, artificial hump, and flowing feathers; as tempting a fly as ever trout rose to, and made of the same materials as other flies, viz: feathers, tinsel, and horse-hair. The judgeon who jumps at her, will find that they cover a barbed hook. Several others seemed to be conscious that they were acting the part of baits; wriggling as they walked, in lively imitation of impaled earth worms. There is this difference, though: the real worm wriggles naturally, and against his will. What a taste the judgeon that bites must have, though! The bait need not always be artificial to be killing. Youth and beauty will always bring a shoal of nibblers, and it is pretty certain that some one of them will get hooked.—But the color and plumpness of the minnow are no proof that it is sound and savory.

"But the ladies are fishers as well as the bait, and it is amusing to see what adepts they are with rod, hook, and line. Nine out of ten of them, when they have got a nibble, are sure not to leave off before they have not only hooked, but also obtained a complete command over their fish. Whether hauled in by main force, or played with a hair, to the landing he must come at last.

"Sirens keep the rod out of sight till they have secured their prey, and then use it unmercifully. No pity have they for the captives' gasping and convulsive agonies. They like to see him in the frying pan alive. Such

Anglers we should like to see fast to a shark or a devil fish, who would take them in and have his own way with them.

"The coquette angles with infinite tact, paying out and taking in her line according to circumstances, but never relaxing the strain till her object is accomplished. She wants the sport as well as the fish, and therefore prolongs it needlessly. A fish that allows himself to be played with too easily she despises, and hence it sometimes happens that contempt breeds too much security, and, when she least thinks of it, he is off forever, hook and line."

#### ANECDOTE OF THE LAST DAUPHIN.

The sentries at the gates of the chateau of St. Cloud had orders to allow no person in plain clothes and carrying a parcel, to enter the private courts and gardens. One of the dauphin's servants, not in livery, wished to pass through a door kept by the Swiss guards. The sentry would not allow it, and the servant appealed to the subaltern on guard, who was pacing up and down near the gate. " You may be one of monseigneur's servants," the officer politely replied, " and that parcel may, as you say, belong to his royal highness, but I do not know you, and I must obey orders." The lacquey got angry, was insolent, and attempted to force a passage. Thereupon, the officer, a young man of most estimable character, pushed him sharply away, and told him that if he renewed the attempt he should be sent to the guard house. From his window the dauphin saw admission refused to his servant. Without reflection or inquiry, he ran down stairs like a mad-man, went up to the lieutenant, abused him violently, without listening to his defence, and at last so far forgot himself as to tear off his epaulets, and threaten him with his sword. Then the officer, indignant at seeing himself thus dishonoured in front of his men, when, in fact, he had done no more than his duty, took two steps backwards, clapped hand on hilt, and exclaimed. " Monseigneur, keep your distance!" Just then, the dauphine, informed of this scene, hurried down, and carried off her husband to his apartments. " I entreat you, sir," said she to the officer, " forget what has passed! You shall hear further from me." The same evening, the king was told of this affair, which might have had very serious consequences, for all the officers of the Swiss guard were about to send in their resignations. As ex-colonel-general of the Swiss, Charles X. was too partial to them not to reprimand his son severely for the scandal he had caused. To make the matter up, and give satisfaction to the corps of officers, he desired the dauphine to send for the insulted lieutenant, and, in presence of that princess, who anxiously desired to see her husband's unpardonable act atoned for and forgotten, the king addressed the young officer with great affability. " Sir," he said, " my son has behaved most culpably towards you, and towards me, your former colonel-general. Accept these captain's epaulets, which I have great pleasure in offering you, and forget the past!" With much emotion the dauphine added a few gracious words, and the officer, not without reluctance, continued in the royal guard as captain. The dauphin, who was good in the main, did not fail, the next time he saw the new made captain, to offer him his hand in sign of reconciliation, and, by a singular chance, this officer was one of the last Swiss on duty with the royal family when it departed for Cherbourg, on its way into exile.—Appert's Ten Years at the Court of Louis Philippe.

*Coleridge at School.*—Books were the poor fellow's solace for the flagellations of the masters and the neglect of the boys, amongst whom Lamb was not to be reckoned, for he was very fond of him, and kind to him. " From eight to fourteen I was a playless dreamer," he observes, " a helluo librorum, my appetite for which was indulged by a singular incident—stranger who was struck by my conversation, made me free of a circulating library in King-street, Cheap-side." This incident, says Gilman, was indeed singular. Going down the Strand in one of his day dreams, fancying himself swimming the Hellespont, thrusting his hands before him as in the act of swimming, one hand came in contact with a gentleman's pocket. The gentleman seized his hand; turning round, and looked at him with some anger, exclaiming—" What, so young and so wicked!" at the same time accusing him of an attempt to pick his pocket. The frightened boy sobbed out his denial of the intention, and explained to him how he thought himself Leander trying to swim the Hellespont. The gentleman was so struck and delighted with the novelty of the thing, and with the simplicity and intelligence of the boy, that he subscribed as before stated, to the library, in consequence of which Coleridge was further enabled to indulge his love of reading. It is stated that at this school he laid the foundation of those bodily sufferings, which made his life one of sickness and torture, and occasioned his melancholy resort to opium. He greatly injured his health, is said, and reduced his strength by his bathing excursions; but is it not quite as likely that the deficiency of food, and those holidays when he was turned out to starvation, had quite as much to do with it? On one occasion he swam across the New river in his clothes, and dried them on his back. This is supposed to have laid the foundation of his rheumatic pains; but may not that lying out all night in the rain at a former day have been even a still earlier predisposing cause? However that may be, he says that full half the time from 17 to 18 was passed in the sick ward of Christ's Hospital, afflicted with jaundice and rheumatic fever."—William Howitt's Homes and Haunts of British Poets.

*A Roland for an Oliver.*—A dentist, whose skill at teeth pulling is well known, was recently met by a noted wag, who was carrying an old garden rake in one hand, while he held the other to his face, which wore the lugubrious expression which the "jumping tooth-ache" is so well calculated to produce on the sufferer.

" Doctor," says he, " I want you to pull a couple of teeth for me."

" Very well," replied the Doctor; " just step into my office and I'll relieve you. There," continued he, as they entered, " take a seat in that chair, and show me the teeth you wish extracted."

" Well, Doctor," says the wag, holding up the rake, " I want you to pull these two broken teeth out of this rake!"

For a moment the Doctor was thrown off his guard by the joke that had been played upon him; but soon recovering himself, replied:

" Well, let me have it—I might as well take the teeth from one rake as another!"

Clough, the Waltham Shower Bath man, not only makes good shower baths, but perpetrates a pretty good joke occasionally. Recently, a friend desirous of ascertaining the standing of a brother tradesman, said to Clough—

" Mr. C., how does —'s name stand among the business people about town?"

" How does his name stand? Well, you'll find it standing on everybody's books in town that credit him!"

Bostonian.

## AN ANECDOTE OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH

The chief incident in "She Stoops to Conquer" is said to have originated in an amusing adventure of Goldsmith's, on his last going from home to the school at Edgeworthstown, and is thus related by Prior:—"Having set off on horseback, there being then, and indeed now, no regular wheeled conveyance from Ballymahon, he loitered on the road, amusing himself by viewing the neighbouring gentlemen's seats. A friend had presented him a guinea; and the desire, perhaps, of spending it—to a schoolboy—in a most independent manner at an inn, tended to slacken his diligence on the road. Night overtook him in the small town of Ardagh, about half way on his journey. Inquiring for the best house in the place, meaning the best inn, he chanced to address, as is said, a person named Cornelius Kelly, who boasted of having taught fencing to the Marquis of Granby, and was then domesticated in the house of Mr. Featherstone, a gentleman of fortune in the town: he was known as a notorious wag; and, willing to play off a trick upon one whom he had no doubt discovered to be a swaggering schoolboy, directed him to the house of his patron. Suspecting no deception, Oliver proceeded as directed; gave authoritative orders about the care of his horse; and, being thence conceived by the servants to be an expected guest, was ordered into the presence of their master, who immediately discovered the mistake. Being, however, a man of humour, and willing to enjoy an evening's amusement with a boy under the influence of so unusual a blunder, he encouraged it, particularly when, by the communicative disposition of the guest, it was found he was the son of an old acquaintance on his way to school. Nothing occurred to undeceive the self-importance of the youth, fortified by the possession of a sum he did not often possess; wine was therefore ordered, in addition to a good supper, and the supposed landlord, his wife, and daughters, were invited to partake of it. On retiring for the night, a hot cake was ordered for breakfast the following morning; nor was it until preparing to quit the house next day, that he discovered he had been entertained in a private family."

William Howitt's Homes and Haunts of British Poets.

## A RANDOM CHAPTER OF MELVILLE'S FORTH-COMING WORK "OMOO."

A SEQUEL TO TYPEE.

[We are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Harper for a foretaste of this graphic author's new production.]

## A SCENE IN THE FORECASTLE

I had scarcely been aboard of the ship twenty-four hours, when a circumstance occurred, which although noways picturesque, is so significant of the state of affairs, that I can not forbear relating it.

In the first place, however, it must be known, that among the crew was a man so excessively ugly, that he went by the ironical appellation of "Beauty." He was the ship's carpenter, and for that reason was sometimes known by his nautical cognomen of "Chips." There was no absolute deformity about the man; he was symmetrically ugly. But ill favored as he was in person, Beauty was none the less ugly in temper; but no one could blame him; his countenance had soured his heart. The truth was, the latter was the only man in the ship whom the mate had never decided got the better of; and hence the grudge he bore him. As for Beauty, he prided himself upon talking up to the mate, as we shall soon see.

Toward evening there was something to be done on deck and the carpenter who belonged to the watch was missing. "Where's that skulk, Chips?" shouted Jermin down the forecastle scuttle.

"Taking his ease, d'ye see, down here on a chest, if you want to know," replied that worthy himself, quietly withdrawing his pipe from his mouth. The insolence flung the fiery little mate into a mighty rage; but Beauty said nothing puffing away with all the tranquillity imaginable. Here it must be remembered that never mind what may be the provocation, no prudent officer ever dreams of entering a ship's forecastle on a hostile visit. If he wants to see any body who happens to be there, and refuses to come up, why he must wait patiently until the sailor is willing. The reason is this. The place is very dark; and nothing is easier than to knock one descending on the head, before he knows where he is, and a very long while before he ever finds out who did it.

Nobody knew this better than Jermin, and so he contented himself with looking down the scuttle and storming. At last Beauty made some cool observation which set him half wild.

"Tumble on deck," he then bellowed—“come, up with you, or I'll jump down and make you.” The carpenter begged him to go about it at once.

No sooner said than done; prudence forgotten, Jermin was there; and by a sort of instinct, had his man by the throat before he could well see him. One of the men now made a rush at him, but the rest dragged him off, protesting that they should have fair play.

"Now, come on deck," shouted the mate, struggling like a good fellow to hold the carpenter fast.

"Take me there," was the dogged answer, and Beauty wriggled about in the nervous grasp of the other like a couple of yards of boa-constrictor.

His assailant now undertook to make him up into a compact bundle, the more easily to transport him. While thus occupied, Beauty got his arms loose, and threw him over backward. But Jermin quickly recovered himself, when for a time they had it every way, dragging each other about, bumping their heads against the projecting beams, and returning each others blows the first favourable opportunity that offered. Unfortunately, Jermin at last slipped and fell, his foe seating himself on his chest, and keeping him down. Now this was one of those situations in which the voice of counsel, or reproof, comes with peculiarunction. Nor did Beauty let the opportunity slip. But the mate said nothing in reply, only foaming at the mouth and struggling to rise.

Just then a thin tremor of a voice was heard from above. It was the captain, who, happening to ascend to the quarter-deck at the commencement of the scuffle, would gladly have returned to the cabin, but was prevented by the fear of ridicule. As the din increased, and it became evident that his officer was in serious trouble, he thought it would never do to stand leaning over the bulwarks, so he made his appearance on the forecastle, resolved, as his best policy, to treat the matter lightly.

"Why, why," he began speaking pettishly, and very fast, "what's all this about?—Mr. Jermin—carpenter, carpenter; what are you doing down there? Come on deck; come on deck."

Whereupon Doctor Long Ghostcries out in a squeak, "Ah! Miss Guy, is that you? Now, my dear, go right home; or you'll get hurt."

"Pooh, pooh! you, sir, whoever you are, I was not speaking to you; none of your nonsense. Mr. Jermin, I was talking to you; have the kindness to come on deck, sir; I want to see you."

"And how, in the devil's name, am I to get there?" cried the mate furiously.

"Jump down here, Captain Guy, and show yourself a man. Let me up, you Chips! unhand me, I say! Oh! I'll pay you for this, some day! Come on, Captain Guy!"

At this appeal, the poor man was seized with a perfect spasm of fidgets.

"Pooh, pooh carpenter: have done with your nonsense! Let him up sir; let him up! Do you hear? Let Mr. Jermin come on deck!"

"Go along with you, Paper Jack," replied Beauty; "this quarrel's between the mate and me; so go aft, where you belong!"

As the captain once more dipped his head down the scuttle to make answer, from an unseen hand, he received, full in the face, the contents of a tin can of soaked biscuit and tea-leaves. The doctor was not far off just then. Without waiting for any thing more, the discomfited gentleman, with both hands to streaming face, retreated to the quarter-deck.

A few moments more, and Jermin, forced to a compromise, followed after in his torn frock and scarred face looking for all the world as if he had just disengaged himself from some intricate piece of machinery. For about half an hour both remained in the cabin, where the mate's rough tones were heard high above the low, smooth voice of the captain.

Of all his conflicts with the men, this was the first in which Jermin had been worsted; and he was proportionably enraged. Upon going below—as the steward afterwards told us—he bluntly informed Guy that, for the future, he might look out for his ship himself; for his part, he was done with her, if that was the way he allowed his officers to be treated. After many high words, the captain finally assured him, that the first fitting opportunity the carpenter should be cordially flogged; though, as matters stood, the experiment would be a hazardous one. Upon this Jermin reluctantly consented to drop the matter for the present; and he soon drowned all thoughts of it in a can of flip, which Guy had previously instructed the steward to prepare, as a sop to allay his wrath.

Nothing more ever came of this.

## WHAT HAPPENED AT HYTYHOO.

Less than forty-eight hours after leaving Nukuheva, the blue, looming island of St. Christina greeted us from afar. Drawing near the shore, the grim, black spars and waspish hull of a small man-of-war craft crept into view; the masts and yards lined distinctly against the sky. She was riding to her anchor in the bay, and proved to be a French corvette.

This pleased our captain exceedingly, and, coming on deck, he examined her from the mizzen rigging with his glass. His original intention was not to let go an anchor; but counting upon the assistance of the corvette in case of any difficulty, he now changed his mind, and anchored alongside of her. As soon as a boat could be lowered, he then went off to pay his respects to the commander, and, moreover, as we supposed, to concert measures for the apprehension of the runaways.

Returning in the course of twenty minutes, he brought along with him two officers in undress and whiskers, and three or four drunken obstreperous old chiefs; one with his legs thrust into the armholes of a scarlet vest, another with a pair of spurs on his heels, and a third in a cocked hat and feather. In addition to these articles, they merely wore the ordinary costume of their race—a slip of native cloth about the loins. Indecorous as their behavior was, these worthies turned out to be a deputation from the reverend the clergy of the island; and the object of their visit was to put our ship under a rigorous "Taboo," to prevent the disorderly scenes and facilities for desertion which would ensue, were the natives—men and women—allowed to come off to us freely.

There was little ceremony about the matter. The priests went aside for a moment, laid their shaven crowns together, and went over a little mummery. Whereupon, their leader tore a long strip from his girdle of white tappa, and handed it to one of the French officers, who, after explaining what was to be done, gave it to Jermin. The mate at once went out to the end of the flying boom, and fastened there the mystic symbol of the ban. This put to flight a party of girls who had been observed swimming towards us. Tossing their arms about, and splashing the water like porpoises, with loud cries of "taboo! taboo!" they turned about and made for the shore.

The night of our arrival, the mate and the Mowree were to stand "watch and watch," relieving each other every four hours; the crew, as is sometimes customary when lying at an anchor, being allowed to remain all night below. A distrust of the men, however, was, in the present instance, the principle reason for this proceeding. Indeed, it was all but certain, that some kind of attempt would be made at desertion; and, therefore, when Jermin's first watch came on at eight bells (midnight)—by which time all was quiet—he mounted to the deck with a flask of spirits in one hand, and the other in readiness to assail the first countenance that showed itself above the forecastle scuttle.

Thus prepared, he doubtless meant to stay awake; but for all that, he before long fell asleep; and slept with such hearty good-will too, that the men who left us that night might have been waked up by his snoring. Certain it was, the mate snored most strangely; and no wonder, with that crooked bugle of his. When he came to himself it was just dawn, but quite light enough to show two boats gone from the side. In an instant he knew what had happened.

Dragging the Mowree out of an old sail where he was napping, he ordered him to clear away another boat, and then darted into the cabin to tell the captain the news. Springing on deck again, he dove down into the forecastle for a couple of oarsmen, but hardly got there before there was a cry, and a loud splash heard over the side. It was the Mowree and the boat—into which he had just leaped to get ready for lowering—rolling over and over in the water.

The boat having at nightfall been hoisted up to its place over the starboard quarter, some one had so cut the tackles which held it there, that a moderate strain would at once part them. Bumbo's weight had answered the purpose, showing that the deserters must have ascertained his specific gravity to a fibre of hemp. There was another boat remaining; but it was as well to examine it before attempting to lower. And it was well they did; for there was a hole in the bottom large enough to drop a barrel through: she had been scuttled most ruthlessly.

Jermin was frantic. Dashing his hat upon deck, he was about to plunge overboard and swim to the corvette for a cutter, when Captain Guy made his appearance and begged him to stay where he was. By this time the officer of the deck aboard the Frenchman had noticed our movements, and hailed to know what had happened. Guy informed him through his trumpet, and men to go in pursuit were instantly promised. There was a whistling of a boatswain's pipe, an order or two, and then a large cutter pulled out from the man-of-war's stern, and in half a dozen strokes was alongside. The mate leaped into her, and they pulled rapidly ashore.

Another cutter, carrying an armed crew, soon followed.

In an hour's time the first returned, towing the two whale boats, which had been found turned up like tortoises on the beach.

Noon came, and nothing more was heard from the deserters. Meanwhile Doctor Long Ghost and myself lounged about, cultivating an acquaintance, and gazing upon the shore scenery. The bay was as calm as death; the sun high and hot; and occasionally a still gliding canoe stole out from behind the headland, and shot across the water.

And all the morning long our sick men limped about the deck, casting wistful glances inland, where the palm trees waved and beckoned them into their reviving shades. Poor invalid rascals! How conducive to the restoration of their shattered health would have been those delicious groves! But hard-hearted Jermin assured them, with an oath, that foot of theirs should never touch the beach.

Towards sunset a crowd was seen coming down to the water. In advance of all were the fugitives—bareheaded—their frocks and trowsers hanging in tatters, every face covered with blood and dust, and their arms pinioned behind them with green thongs. Following them up, was a shouting rabble of islanders, pricking them with the points of their long spears, the party from the corvette menacing them in flank with their naked cutlasses.

The bonus of a musket to the King of the Bay, and the promise of a tumbler full of powder for every man caught, had set the whole population on their track; and so successful was the hunt, that not only were that morning's deserters brought back, but five of these left behind on a former visit. The natives, however, were the mere hounds of the chase, raising the game in their coverts, but leaving the securing of it to the Frenchmen. Here, as elsewhere, the islanders have no idea of taking part in such a scuffle as ensues upon the capture of a party of desperate seamen.

The runaways were at once brought aboard, and, though they looked rather sulky, soon came round, and treated the whole affair as a frolicsome adventure.

#### WE TOUCH AT LA DOMINICA.

Fearful of spending another night in Hytyhoo, Captain Guy caused the ship to be got under way shortly after dark.

The next morning, when all supposed that we were fairly embarked for a long cruise, our course was suddenly altered for La Dominica, or Hivarhoo, an island just north of the one we had quitted. The object of this, as we learned, was to procure, if possible, several English sailors, who, according to the commander of the corvette, had recently gone ashore there from an American whaler and were desirous of shipping aboard of one of their own country vessels.

We made land in the afternoon, coming abreast of a shady glen opening from a steep bank, and winding by green defiles far out of sight. "Hands by the weather-main brace!" roared the mate, jumping up on the bulwarks; and in a moment the prancing Julia, suddenly arrested in her course, bridled her head like a steed reined in, while the foam flaked under her bows.

This was the place where we expected to obtain the men; so a boat was at once got in readiness to go ashore. Now it was necessary to provide a picked crew—men the least likely to abscond. After considerable deliberation on the part of the captain and mate, four of the seamen were pitched upon as the most trustworthy; or rather they were selected from a choice assortment of suspicious characters as being of an inferior order of rascality.

Armed with cutlasses all round—the natives were said to be an ugly set—they were followed over the side by the invalid captain, who, on this occasion, it seems, was determined to signalize himself. Accordingly, in addition to his cutlas, he wore an old boarding belt, in which was thrust a brace of pistols. They at once shoved off.

My friend Long Ghost had, among other things which looked somewhat strange in a ship's forecastle, a capital spy-glass, and on the present occasion we had it in use.

When the boat neared the head of the inlet, though invisible to the naked eye, it was plainly revealed by the glass; looking no bigger than an egg-shell, and the men diminished to pygmies.

At last, borne on what seemed a long flake of foam the tiny craft shot up the beach amid a shower of sparkless. Not a soul was there. Leaving one of their number by the water, the rest of the pygmies stepped ashore, looking about them very circumspectly, pausing now and then hand to ear, and peering under a dense grove which swept down within a few paces of the sea. No one came, and to all appearances every thing was as still as the grave. Presently, he with the pistols, followed by the rest flourishing their bodkins, entered the wood and were soon lost to view. They did not stay long; probably anticipating some inhospitable ambush were they to stray any distance up the glen.

In a few moments they embarked again, and were soon riding pertly over the waves of the bay. All of a sudden the captain started to his feet—the boat spun round, and again made for the shore. Some twenty or thirty natives armed with spears, which through the glass looked like reeds, had just come out of the grove, and were apparently shouting to the strangers not to be in such a hurry, but return and be sociable. But they were somewhat distrustful, for the boat passed about its length from the beach, when the captain standing up in its head, delivered an address in pantomime, the object of which seemed to be, that the islanders should draw near. One of them stepped forward and made answer, seemingly again urging the strangers not to be diffident, but beach their boat. The captain declined, tossing his arms about in another pantomime. In the end he said something which made them shake their spears; whereupon he fired a pistol among them, which set the whole party running; while one poor little fellow, dropping his spear and clapping his hand behind him, limped away in a manner which almost made me itch to get a shot at his assailant.

Wanton acts of cruelty like this are not unusual on the part of sea captains landing at islands completely unknown. Even at the Pomotu group, but a day's sail from Tahiti, the islanders coming down to the shore have several times been fired at by trading schooners passing through their narrow channels; and this too as a mere amusement on the part of the ruffians.

Indeed it is almost incredible, the light in which many sailors regard these naked heathens. They hardly consider them human. But it is a curious fact, that the more ignorant and degraded men are, the more contemptuously they look upon those whom they deem their inferiors.

All powers of persuasion being thus lost upon these foolish savages, and no hope left of holding further intercourse, the boat returned to the ship.

#### WHAT HAPPENED AT HANNAMANOO.

On the other side of the island was the large and populous town of Hannamanoo, where the men sought might yet be found. But as the sun was setting by the time the boat came alongside, we got our offshore tacks aboard,

and stood away for an offing. About daybreak we wore, and ran in, and by the time the sun was well up, entered the long narrow channel dividing the islands of La Dominica and St. Christina.

On one hand was a range of steep green bluffs hundreds of feet high, the white huts of the natives here and there nestling like bird nests in deep clefts gushing with verdure. Across the water, the land rolled away in bright hillsides, so warm and undulating, that they seemed almost to palpitate in the sun. On we swept, past bluff and grove, wooded glen and valley, and dark ravines lighted up far inland with wild falls of water. A fresh land-breeze filled our sails, the embayed waters were gentle as a lake, and every blue wave broke with a tinkle against our coppered prow.

On gaining the end of the channel, we rounded a point, and came full upon the bay of Hannamanoo. This is the only harbour of any note about the island, though as far as a safe anchorage is concerned it hardly deserves the title.

Before we held any communication with the shore, an incident occurred which may convey some further idea of the character of the crew.

Having approached as near the land as we could prudently, our headway was stopped, and we awaited the arrival of a canoe which was coming out of the bay. All at once we got into a strong current, which swept us rapidly towards a rocky promontory forming one side of the harbor. The wind had died away; so two boats were at once lowered for the purpose of pulling the ship's head around. Before this could be done the eddies were whirling upon all sides, and the rocks so near, that it seemed as if one might leap upon it from the mast head.

Notwithstanding the speechless fright of the captain, and the hoarse shouts of the unappalled Jermin, the men handled the ropes as deliberately as possible, some of them chuckling at the prospect of going ashore, and others so eager for the vessel to strike, that they could hardly contain themselves. Unexpectedly a countercurrent betried us, and assisted by the boats we were soon out of danger.

What a disappointment for our crew! All their little plans for swimming ashore from the wreck and having a fine time of it for the rest of their days, thus cruelly nipt in the bud.

Soon after, the canoe came alongside. In it were eight or ten natives, comely, vivacious looking youths, all gesture and exclamation; the red feathers in their headbands perpetually nodding. With them also came a stranger, a renegade from Christendom and humanity—a white man in the South Sea garb and tattooed in the face. A broad band stretched across his face from ear to ear, and on his forehead was the taper figure of a blue shark, nothing but fine from head to tail.

Some of us gazed upon this man with a feeling akin to horror, no ways abated when informed that he had voluntarily submitted to this embellishment of his countenance. What an impress! Far worse than Cain's—his was perhaps a wrinkle, or a freckle, which some of our modern cosmetics might have effaced; but the shark was a mark indelible, which all the waters of Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, could never wash out. He was an Englishman, Lem Hardy he called himself, who had deserted from a trading brig touching at the island for wood and water some ten years previous.

He had gone ashore as a sovereign prince, armed with a musket and a bag of ammunition, and ready, if need be, to prosecute war on his own account. The country was divided by the hostile kings of several large valleys. With one of them from whom he had received overtures, he formed an alliance, and became, what he now was, the military leader of the tribe, and war god of the entire island.

His campaigns beat Napoleon's. In one night attack, his invincible musket, backed by the light infantry of spears and javelins, vanquished two clans, and the next morning brought all the others at the feet of his royal ally.

Nor was the rise of his domestic fortunes at all behind the Corsican's: three days after landing, the exquisitely tattooed hand of a princess was his; receiving along with the damsel, as her portion, one thousand fatnoms of fine tappa, fifty double braided mats, of split grass, four hundred dogs, ten houses, in different parts of her native valley, and the sacred protection of an express edict of the Taboo, declaring his person inviolable forever.

Now, this man was settled for life, perfectly satisfied with his circumstances, and feeling no desire to return to his friends. "Friends," indeed, he had none. He told me his history. Thrown upon the world a foundling his paternal origin was as much a mystery to him as the genealogy of Odin, and scorned by everybody, he fled the parish workhouse, when a boy, and launched upon the sea. He had followed it for several years, a dog before the mast, and now he had thrown it up forever.

And for the most part, it is just this sort of men—so many of whom are found amongst sailors—uncared for by a single soul, without ties, reckless, and impat of the restraints of civilization, who are occasionally found quite at home upon the savage islands of the Pacific. And gazing at their hard lot in their own country, what marvel at their choice?

According to the renegade, there was no other white man on the island; and as the captain could have no reason to suppose that Hardy intended to deceive us, he concluded that the Frenchmen were in some way or other mistaken in what they had told us. However, when our errand was made known to the rest of our visitors, one of them, a fat, stalwart fellow, his face all eyes and expression, volunteered for a cruise. All the wages he asked, was a red shirt, a pair of trousers, and a hat, which were to be put on there and then; besides a plug of tobacco and a pipe. The bargain was struck directly; Wymontoo afterward came in with a codicil, to the effect that a friend of his, who had come along with him, should be given ten whole sea biscuits without crack or flaw, twenty perfectly new and symmetrically straight nails, and one jackknife. This being agreed to, the articles were at once handed over, the native receiving them with great avidity, and, in the absence of clotting, using his mouth as a pocket to put the nails in. Two of them, however, were first made to take the place of a pair of ear ornaments, curiously fashioned out of bits of whitened wood.

It now began breezing strongly from seaward, and no time was to be lost in getting away from the land; so after an affecting rubbing of noses between our new shipmate and his countrymen, we sailed away with him. To our surprise, the farewell shouts from the canoe, as we dashed along under belied royals, were heard unmoved by our islander; but it was not long thus. That very evening, when the dark blue of his native hills sunk in the horizon, the poor savage leaned over the bulwarks, dropped his head upon his chest, and gave way to irrepressible emotions. The ship was plunging hard, and Wymontoo, sad to tell, in addition to his other pangs, was terribly sea sick.

## THE BATTLE OF BUENA VISTA.

The Battle of BUENA VISTA will long be remembered as one of the most fiercely contested engagements ever fought upon this continent; and the victory there achieved by the American forces under Gen. Taylor, under all the circumstances, will be regarded as among the most brilliant achievements of modern warfare. We have accordingly compiled the following full and spirited account of the Battle, from the *New Orleans Tropic* and *St Louis Republican*, which have contained the best sketches of it that have met our notice. We have omitted only those passages in either, which were repeated in the other; and have endeavoured to weave both into a connected history. The sketch, we doubt not, will be read with interest:—*Courier and Enquirer*.

SAN JUAN DE BUENA VISTA,

Mexico, Feb. 23, 1847.

On the morning of the 20th, our army being encamped at Agua Nueva, information was received that the enemy was advancing, when General Taylor ordered the troops to fall back upon this place. Early on the 22d, the clouds of dust towards Agua Nueva, told that the Mexican army was on the advance. At about 11 o'clock the long roll of the drum summoned us to the field. Our regiments were formed, artillery posted, and we availed ourselves of every advantage that could be taken of the ground. In a few minutes, the leading columns of the enemy were distinctly seen, at a distance of two miles, steadily advancing in the most perfect order. Some two thousand lancers with the artillery, fourteen pieces of different calibre, from 24's down, composed the leading division; then such a host of infantry and lances as never was seen together in Mexico before, I suppose, came in full view and filed into position. It was the most grand and gorgeous spectacle I ever witnessed; the sun glancing from the bright lances and bayonets of the twenty-one thousand men—the rattling of their artillery carriages—the prancing of their richly caparisoned horses, and the continued sound of their bugles, swelling through the air, made up a scene never to be described or forgotten. The armies in line of battle were drawn up in a mountain pass. On our right was a deep ravine, impracticable to be turned by cavalry or artillery, whilst on our left the mountains of "Sierra Madre," towered two thousand feet into the skies. A spur of continuous hills, running from the mountain nearly to the ravine, was occupied by our troops—whilst the space between the spur of hills and the ravine, over which the San Luis road runs, was occupied by five pieces of light artillery, commanded by Capt. Washington. This was our centre, and was most gallantly defended by Capt. W., upon whose battery the enemy played four hours with six twenty-four pounders, planted within point blank range, and out of reach of his sixes, without making the slightest impression on them. Between the two armies were immense ravines, some of them nearly fifty feet deep, the sides covered with loose pebbles, and the bottom extremely precipitate and serpentine from the heavy washing rains. A smooth piece of ground next the mountain, and between it and the head of the ravine some three hundred yards in depth was the most accessible point for turning our left flank, if, indeed, an army of five thousand two hundred men, displayed over two miles of ground, in the presence of such a host, could be considered as having a flank. Overlooking Washington's battery, and within near musket shot, is a high hill, on the crown of which was posted the first regiment of Illinois volunteers, to cover the battery and save the centre.

As soon as he received intelligence of Santa Anna's approach, General Taylor moved forward with May's squadron of Dragoons, Sherman's and Bragg's batteries of artillery, and the Mississippi regiment of Riflemen, under Col. Davis, and arrived at the position which he had selected for awaiting the attack of the enemy. The time and the place, the hour and the man, seemed to promise a glorious celebration of the day. It was the 22d of February, the anniversary of that day on which the God of Battles gave to freedom its noble champion, to patriotism its purest model; to America a preserver, and to the world the nearest realization of human perfection—for panegyric sinks before the name of WASHINGTON.

The morning was bright and beautiful. Not a cloud floated athwart the firmament or dimmed the azure of the sky, and the flood of golden radiance, which gilded the mountain tops, and poured over the valleys, wrought light and shade into a thousand fantastic forms. A soft breeze swept down from the mountains, rolling into graceful undulations, the banner of the Republic which was proudly streaming from the towers and battlements of Saltillo. The omens were all in our favour.

In the choice of his position, Gen. Taylor had exhibited the same comprehensive sagacity and masterly *coup d'œil*, which characterized his dispositions at Rosaca de la Palma, and which crowned triumphantly all his operations amid the blazing lines of Monterey. The mountains rise on either side of an irregular and broken valley, about three miles in width, dotted over with hills and ridges, and scarred with broad and winding ravines. The main road lies along the course of an arroyo, the bed of which is now so deep as to form an almost impassable barrier, while the other side is bounded by precipitous elevations, stretching perpendicularly towards the mountains, and separated by gulches, until they mingle into one at the base of the principle range. On the right of the narrowed point of the road way, a battalion of the 1st Illinois Regiment under Lt. Col. Weatherford, was stationed in a small trench, extending to the natural ravine, while, on the opposite height, the main body of the regiment under Col. Hardin, was posted, with a single piece of artillery from Capt. Washington's battery. The post of honour on the extreme right, was assigned to Bragg's artillery, his left supported by the 2d Regiment of Kentucky foot under Col. McKee, the left flank of which rested upon the arroyo. Washington's battery occupied a position immediately in front of the narrow point of the road way, in rear of which and somewhat to the left, on another height, the 2d Illinois Regiment, under Col. Bissell, was posted. Next on the left, the Indiana Brigade under Gen. Lane was deployed, while on the extreme left the Kentucky Cavalry under Col. Marshall, occupied a position directly under the frowning summits of the mountains. The two squadrons of the 1st and 2d Dragoons, and the Arkansas Cavalry under Col. Yell, were posted in rear, ready for any service which the exigencies of the day might require.

The dispositions had been made for some time, when the enemy was seen advancing in the distance, and the clouds of dust which rolled up before him, gave substantial evidence that his numbers were not unworthy the trial of strength upon which we were about to enter. He arrived upon his position in immense masses, and with force sufficiently numerous to have commenced his attack at once, had he been as confident of success, as it subsequently appeared he was solicitous for our safety. The first evidence directly afforded us of the presence of Santa Anna, was a white flag, which was dimly seen fluttering in the breeze, and anon Surgeon General Lindenberg, of the Mexican Army, arrived, bearing a beautiful emblem of benevolent bravado and Christian charity. It was a missive from Santa Anna, suggested by considerations for our personal

comfort, which has placed us under lasting obligations, proposing to General Taylor terms of unconditional surrender, promising good treatment; assuring us that his force amounted to upwards of 20,000 men, that our defeat was inevitable, and that to spare the effusion of blood, his proposition should be complied with. Strange to say the American General showed the greatest ingratitude; evinced no appreciation whatever of Santa Anna's kindness, and informed him that whether his force amounted to 20,000 or 50,000, it was equally a matter of indifference: the terms of adjustment must be arranged by gunpowder.

The messenger returned to his employer, and we waited in silence to hear the war of his artillery. Hours rolled by without any movement on his part, and it appeared that the Mexican commander, grieved at our stubbornness, was almost disposed to retrace his steps, as if determined to have no further intercourse with such ungrateful audacity. At length, he mustered resolution to open a fire from a mortar, throwing several shells into our camp without execution. While this was going on, Captain Steene, of the 1st dragoons, with a single man, started towards a hill, on which the Mexican General seemed to be stationed with his staff, but before he completed the ascent, the party vanished, and when he reached the top, he discovered that two regiments had thrown themselves into squares to resist his charge. The Captain's gravity was overcome by this opposition, and he returned.

The Kentucky cavalry and Arkansas troops were posted near the mountain, and as skirmishers, having been first dismounted, brought on the action, at half past four o'clock, on the 22d, by engaging about fifteen hundred of the enemy's light troops who had been deployed on the top of the mountain to turn our left. Our riflemen advanced up the side of the mountain, extended their line to prevent the enemy's flanking them, and fighting as they toiled up the almost perpendicular ascent, until the whole side of the mountain, from base to summit, was one sheet of fire. The sight was a splendid one, and our hearts warmed towards home and country, as we lay upon the field, contemplating the scene two thousand feet above us, and resolving that the next day should witness a noble victory, or a disastrous and terrible defeat. The firing continued until after dark, when our riflemen retired, the enemy remaining in possession of the heights. We slept upon our arms, on what was to be the next day a ghastly field of carnage. The 2d Illinois regiment, which has suffered so severely, was posted about eight hundred yards from the base of the mountain. The 2d Indiana on the left, and three pieces of light artillery, commanded by Lieut. O'Brien, between us and the Indians. Our position was that upon which the enemy would advance, it was supposed, with the heaviest force of his infantry, and was to be desperately defended. The first gun on the 23d, was fired at day light, and the firing continued until dark put an end to the effusion of blood. No adequate description of the fight can be given: it was a succession of brilliant advances and disastrous retreats all day—our regiments advancing to attack five times their numbers, driving them with great loss, until the enemy, reinforced by fresh regiments, rallied, and in their turn with overwhelming numbers, compelling us to fall back.

As we expected, the Mexican infantry advanced upon us in three columns, composed of eight regiments. Advancing steadily to the brow of the hill, the first line came down the hill a few paces; the second not quite so low, and the third upon the summit of the ravine bank; the most distant line about 200 yards from us. Our regiment was kneeling, awaiting their advance, expecting that they would cross the ravine, and would have but two regiments to fight at once, but the instant they were formed a terrific fire was opened upon us by the entire force, in our part of not less than four thousand regular troops. We were here ordered to open upon them, and for thirty minutes we poured into them as galling a fire as ever was witnessed—our men discharging their pieces not less than twenty times within point blank. Here we had about sixty officers and men killed and wounded. The Indians on our left giving way early in the fight, enabled the lancers to cross the ravine, and come down upon our left flank, when we fell back some two hundred and fifty yards, where those that could be rallied halted and were again formed.

The 2d Kentucky, commanded by Col. McKee, were ordered to our support, as well as Col. Hardin's 1st Illinoisans. Poor Hardin, with his gallant regiment, advanced upon them, to our relief, and drove back the enemy on our left. By the time the 2d Kentucky came up, we were again rallied, and with them made as fine a charge as ever was made, driving back four times our numbers, killing and wounding an immense number of the enemy, and capturing the standard of the 1st battalion of Cuanahuato, which was taken by Captain Raith, of St. Clair county, and after remaining in our possession all day was unfortunately lost in the last charge, which robbed the nation of a Hardin, McKee and Clay.

During the night the Mexicans had established a 12 pounder, on a point at the base of the mountain, which commanded any position which could be taken by us. To counteract the effect of this piece Lieut. O'Brien, 4th artillery, was detached with three pieces of Washington's battery, having with him Lt. Bryan, of the Topographical Engineers, who, having planted a few shells in the midst of the enemy's gunners, for the time effectually silenced his fire.

From the movements soon perceptible, along our line, it became evident that the enemy was attempting to turn that flank, and for this purpose had concentrated a large body of cavalry and infantry on his right. The base of the mountain around which these troops were winding their way, seemed girdled with a belt of steel, as their glittering sabres and polished lances flashed back the beams of the morning sun. Sherman's and Bragg's batteries were immediately ordered to the left: Col. Bissell's regiment occupied a position between them, while Col. McKee's Kentuckians were transferred from the right of our line, so as to hold a position near the centre. The 2d Indiana regiment under Col. Bowles, was placed on our extreme left, nearly perpendicular to the direction of our line, so as to oppose, by a direct fire the flank movement of the enemy. These dispositions having been promptly effected, the artillery of both armies opened its fires, and simultaneously the Mexican infantry commenced a rapid extended discharge upon our line, from the left, to McKee's regiment. Our artillery belched forth its thunders with tremendous effect, while the Kentuckians returned the fire of the Mexican infantry, with great steadiness and success; their field officers, McKee, Clay and Fry, passing along their line, animating and encouraging the men, by precept and example. The second Illinois regiment, also received the enemy's fire with great firmness, and returned an ample equivalent. While this fierce conflict was going on, the main body of Col. Hardin's regiment, moved to the right of the Kentuckians, and the representatives of each State, seemed to vie with each other in the honorable ambition of doing the best service for their country. Both regiments gallantly sustained their positions, and won undying laurels. The veterans of Austerlitz, could not have exhibited more courage, coolness and devotion.

In the meantime the enemy's cavalry had been stealthily pursuing its way along the mountain, and though our artillery wrought great havoc among its

numbers, the leading squadrons had passed the extreme points of danger, and were almost in position to attack us in the rear. At this critical moment the Indiana regiment turned upon its proper front, and commenced an inglorious flight. The efforts of Col. Bowles to bring it into position were vain, and over hill and ravines they pursued their shameful career to the great delight of the enemy, who rent the air with shouts of triumph. Several officers of Gen. Taylor's staff immediately dashed off to arrest, if possible, the retreating regiment, and restore it again to reputation and to duty. Major Dix of the Pay department, formerly of the 7th infantry, was the first to reach the deserters, and seizing the colors of the regiment, appealed to the men to know whether they had determined to desert them. He was answered by three cheers, showing that though the men had but little disposition to become heroes themselves, they were not unmindful of an act of distinguished gallantry on the part of another. A portion of the regiment immediately rallied around him, and was reformed by the officers. Dix in person then led the way towards the enemy, until one of the men volunteered to take the flag, and the party returned to the field, and though not in time to repair the disaster which their flight had created, to retrieve in a slight degree the character of the State.

While the day, however, by this disgraceful panic, was fast going against us, the artillery was advanced, its front extended, and different sections and pieces under Sherman, Bragg, O'Brien, Thomas, Reynolds, Kilburn, French, and Bryan, were working such carnage in the ranks of the enemy, as to make his columns roll to and fro like ships upon the billows. His triumph at the Indiana retreat, was but for a moment, and his shouts of joy were soon followed by groans of anguish, and the shrieks of expiring hundreds.

Washington's battery on the right, had now opened its fire, and driven back a large party of lancers advancing in that direction. Along the entire line the battle raged with great fury. 21,000 of the victims of Mexican oppression and the myrmidons of Mexican despotism, were arrayed against 5,000 Americans, sent forth to conquer a peace. The discharges of the infantry followed each other more rapidly than the sounds of the Swiss bell ringers in the fierce fervor of a *finale*, and the volleys of the artillery reverberated through the mountains like the thunders of an Alpine storm.

The myriads of Mexican cavalry still pressed forwards on our left, and threatened a charge upon the Mississippi rifles under Col. Davis, who had been ordered to support the Indiana regiment, and had succeeded in preserving a fragment of it in position. Col. Davis immediately threw his command into the form of a V, the opening towards the enemy, and awaited his advance. On he came, dashing with all the speed of Mexican horses, but when he arrived at that point from which could be seen the whites of his eyes, both lines poured forth a sheet of lead that scattered him like chaff, felling many a gallant steed to the earth, and sending scores of riders to the sleep that knows no waking.

While the dispersed Mexican cavalry were rallying, the 3d Indiana regiment under Col. Lane, was ordered to join Col. Davis, supported by a considerable body of horse. About this time, from some unknown reason, our wagon train displayed its length along the Saltillo road, and offered a conspicuous prize for the Mexican lancers, which they seemed not unwilling to appropriate. Fortunately, Lt. Rucker, with a squadron of the 1st dragoons, (Capt. Steene having been previously wounded and Capt. Eustis confined to his bed by illness) was present, and by order of Gen. Taylor, dashed among them in the most brilliant style, dispersing them by his charge, as effectually as the previous fire of the Mississippi riflemen.

May's dragoons, with a squadron of Arkansas cavalry, under Captain Pike, and supported by a single piece of artillery under Lieut. Reynolds, now claimed their share in the discussion, and when the Mexicans had again assembled, they had to encounter another shock from the two squadrons, besides a fierce fire of grape from Reynold's 6 pounder. The lancers once more rallied and directing their course towards the Saltillo road, were met by the remainder of Col. Yell's regiment, and Marshall's Kentuckians, who drove them towards the mountains on the opposite side of the valley, where, from their appearance when last visible, it may be presumed they are still running. In this precipitate movement they were permitted to pass through a rancho, in which many of our valiant comrades had previously taken refuge, who, from this secure retreat, opened quite an effective fire upon them.

It is reported, moreover, that hundreds of the Arkansas Cavalry were so well satisfied with the result of this single affair, that they deemed it unnecessary to make another, and accordingly took their way to town, and there reported Gen. Taylor as in full retreat.

About 2 o'clock in the day, the 2d Kentucky and 2d Illinois, who had never retired more than three hundred yards from where we had received the enemy's first fire, were lying in the head of two ravines, under cover from the enemy's artillery, who had taken post upon the ground abandoned by the Indiana regiment, and were driving a torrent of round shot, grape, and canister, amongst us, when suddenly the firing ceased, and four officers, at the utmost speed, came galloping towards us. Cols. McKee, Clay, Bissell, and myself, advanced some sixty yards from our cover to meet them. With the greatest difficulty our men were restrained from firing upon them as they came up, alleging that as they brought no white flag, it was a *ruse*. They asked for Gen. Taylor. Col. Clay accompanied one of them, the aid of Gen. Santa Anna, to Gen. Taylor, who was sitting with his right leg over his horse's neck, just behind us, as unconcerned at the danger he was in, and as composed as man possibly could be. Whilst the aid was delivering his message to the General, we took the opportunity of quizzing the other three a little. I asked one of them, who appeared highest in rank, "what is the object of your mission?" He replied by pointing to our men, who were, the most of them, laying on their faces, at full length, about 40 paces from him, "those are troops of the line, are they?" To which we replied "six hundred of them are" I then resumed my questions, when he answered in Spanish, and as we did not appear to comprehend him, repeated in French, "That General Santa Anna wishes to know what General Taylor wants." He said it with such an air of unconcern, that we all broke out into a loud laugh.

I understand that when the aid reached the General, he repeated the same thing to him, when the old "war hero" told the interpreter to tell him, "he wanted the Mexican army to surrender; tell him that I will treat Santa Anna and his army like gentlemen". The fact is, that at this time the right wing of the Mexican forces had been entirely cut off, and near four thousand lancers and infantry were at the mercy of Capt. Bragg's battery of light artillery, which had been advanced so close to their line, that with canister they would rake a deep ravine through which they were compelled to pass to rejoin the main body of the Mexican force, which they were on the full retreat to re-unite with, having been driven back by the cavalry, Mississippian and Sherman's light battery, which poured a most destructive fire upon them. At the same time that the messenger came from Santa Anna, to whom I have alluded, a white flag was sent in from the right wing under retreat. Mr. Crittenden, Gen. Taylor's

aid, I think, returned with it to the enemy's lines, where they closed round him, and under protection of the flag, with Mr. C in their midst, passed Bragg's battery within point blank canister range. Thus, but for their duplicity, the entire right wing of their army would have been taken, the victory won, and the terrible loss we sustained in the last charge saved the nation.

The craft of Santa Anna had restored his courage and with his reinforcement of cavalry, he determined to charge our line. Under cover of the artillery, horse and foot advanced upon our batteries. These, from the smallness of our infantry force, were but feebly supported, yet by the most brilliant and daring efforts nobly maintained their position. Such was the rapidity of their transitions, that officers and pieces seemed empowered with ubiquity, and upon cavalry and infantry alike, wherever they appeared, they poured so destructive a fire, as to silence the enemy's artillery, compel his whole line to fall back, and soon to assume a sort of *sauve qui peut* movement, indicating any thing but victory. The two wings re-united (near where the 2d Indiana were posted in the morning) under the most blazing and effective fire from our light batteries, that cannon ever poured into columns of men. They fell by scores, and on this spot I saw, the next day, as many as five men killed by the same round shot—legs were knocked in one direction, arms in another—horses, lancers and infantry, in rich profusion strewed the ground. The enemy retired under this withering fire, and if we had been content with a victory only, we had won one, never to be forgotten whilst our history lasts—but, unfortunately, we here pursued it too far. The gallant and lamented Hardin—the soul of bravery—advanced with his regiment to charge the enemy's cannon, under cover of which he was rapidly retiring. But whilst we were negotiating with the white flags, the enemy's reserve of nearly 5,000 chosen infantry, who were fresh and had not participated in the day, were advanced, and placed in the immense ravine which separated the two armies in the morning. They must have extended down the ravine, towards the San Luis road, for six hundred yards. The ground was cut to pieces with these ravines running parallel to each other, and not more than one hundred and fifty yards apart. In advancing upon the enemy's battery, the first regiment soon came under a most galling fire from the right of the enemy's reserve, and was immediately ordered to cover itself by the deep ravine, around the head of which it was filing, when the fire opened upon it.

As we had fought side by side so long, our regiment with one will and heart advanced to their relief, crossed the deep ravine and taking position on the right of the 1st Illinois regiment, commenced a hot fire upon the enemy's right, which soon would have brought them to a right about. After exchanging some dozen rounds, a perfect forest of bayonets made their appearance over the brow of the hill right in our front, and gave us as much to do as we could to return their fire. The Second Kentucky regiment seeing our perilous position, broke from their cover, and crossing the gully below us, as we had done with the 1st Illinois took position on our right, and were soon in the hottest of the fight. Thiky too, had as much to do in front as one regiment could attend to, whilst about 1000 infantry on their right ran across the level ground, between the two ravines, to cut off our retreat to the San Luis road, down which, under cover of Washington's guns, we could only reach the redoubt on the hill, where the 1st Illinois were posted in the early part of the action.

Again our spirits rose. The Mexicans appeared thoroughly routed, and while their regiments and divisions were flying before us, nearly all our light troops were ordered forward, and followed them with a most deadly fire, mingled with shouts which rose above the roar of artillery. In this charge the 1st Illinois Regiment and McKee's Kentuckians were foremost. The pursuit was too hot, and as it evinced too clearly our deficiency in number, the Mexicans, with a suddenness which was almost magical, rallied and returned upon us. They came in myriads, and for a while the carnage was dreadful on both sides. We were but a handful to oppose the frightful masses which were hurled upon us, and could as easily have resisted an avalanche of thunderbolts. We were driven back, and the day seemed lost beyond redemption. Victory, which a moment before appeared within our grasp, was suddenly torn from our standard. There was but one hope, but that proved an anchor sure and steadfast.

While our men were driven through the ravines, at the extremities of which a body of Mexican Lancers was stationed to pounce upon them like tigers.—Brent and Whiting, of Washington's battery gave them such a torrent of grape as to put them to flight, and thus saved the remnants of those brave regiments, which had long borne the hottest portion of the fight. On the other flank, while the Mexicans came rushing on like legions of fiends, the artillery was left unsupported, and capture by the enemy seemed inevitable.

I soon discovered that the odds against us was so great, that we must be overpowered, and having witnessed, during the day, the barbarities committed upon our wounded officers, resigned myself to die. The right wing of the enemy's reserve had crossed over, and were turning our left flank—our men were too tired and broken down to bring them to the bayonet, and our only salvation was in retreat. I turned my eyes down the ravine, and the distance sickened me; and when I thought, but for one instant, upon how many gallant men would die there—murdered, butchered, even after surrender—my brain reeled: the order was given to retreat—no possible order could be observed, the banks were precipitate, rocky, and covered with loose rolling pebbles—five colonels were, with their regiments, at the head of the ravine where the order was given—three of them, John J. Hardin, Col. McKee and Lieut. Col. Henry Clay, fell wounded, and were inhumanly lanced to death, and stripped of their clothing. I think the lance was run through poor Clay as often as ten times; his men carried him some two hundred yards but to save their own lives, were compelled to abandon him—the wound which disabled him, was a slight one through the legs. The same was poor Hardin's case. Col. Bissell and myself escaped untouched, but a horrible massacre of our men took place here. Besides a large number of privates, there fell in this fatal ravine, Capt. Zabriskie, 1st Illinois volunteers; Capt. Wm. T. Willis, Kentucky volunteers; Lieuts. T. Kelly, Rodney Ferguson, Edward F. Fletcher, Lauriston Robins, Allen B. Rountree and Jas. C. Steele, of 2d Illinois volunteers; Lt. Hoten, 1st Illinois, and Lieut. Ball, 2d Ky. volunteers.

But Bragg and Thomas rose with the crisis, and eclipsed even the fame they won at Monterey, while Sherman, O'Brien and Bryan, proved themselves worthy of the alliance. Every horse with O'Brien's battery was killed, and the enemy had advanced to within range of grape, sweeping all before him. But here his progress was arrested, and before the showers of iron hail which assailed him, squadrons and battalions fell like leaves in the blast of autumn. The Mexicans were once more driven back with great loss, though taking with them the three pieces of artillery which were without horses.

The lancers who had dashed down the road to cut off our retreat, were driven back by Washington's artillery, which opened a well directed fire upon them; but for which, not one of us would have gotten out—the banks on each side of

the ravine were very steep, at least fifty feet, and it was impossible to rally a man under the desolating fire which poured upon us from several thousand fresh troops. When we reached the redoubt it was nearly night; we had been in the engagement since daylight, and nature unable to bear greater burdens, yielded, and officers and men sank down upon the rocks and earth completely exhausted.

Thus thrice during the day, when all seemed lost but honor, did the artillery, by the ability with which it was manoeuvred, roll back the tide of success from the enemy, and give such overwhelming destructiveness to its effect that the army was saved and the glory of the arms maintained.

The battle had now raged with variable success for nearly ten hours, and by a sort of mutual consent, after the last carnage wrought among the Mexicans by the artillery, both parties seemed willing to pause upon the result. Night fell, and the American General, with his troops, slept upon the battle ground, prepared if necessary to resume operations on the morrow. But ere the sun rose again upon the scene the Mexicans had disappeared, leaving behind them only the hundreds of their dead and dying, whose bones are within their native hills, and whose moans of anguish were to excite in their enemies that compassion, which can have no existence in the bosoms of their friends.

Throughout the action, General Taylor was where the shots fell hottest and thickest, two of which passed through his clothes. He constantly evinced the greatest quickness of conception, fertility of resource, and a cool unerring judgment not to be baffled. General Wool was wherever his presence was required stimulating the troops to activity and exertion. The operations of Gen. Lane were confined to his own brigade, and his efforts were worthy of better material for their application. Major Bliss bore himself with his usual gallantry; having his horse as at Palo Alto shot in the head. Mr. Crittenden as a son of the Senator from Kentucky, was conspicuous in the field, as volunteer Aid to General Taylor, and the Medical Director's assistant Surgeon, Hitchcock, could be sometimes seen, where the balls fell fastest, binding up a wound or dressing a broken leg, with true professional zeal; and, anon, galloping with the ardor of an amateur knight, conveying orders to different commanders.

I could recount a thousand acts of individual courage worthy of record, but when all behaved so well, it would be invidious almost to record them. Capt. Lincoln was waving us on with his sword, when he fell dead in the arms of Capt. Raith, of Belleville. Capt. Steen, of the Dragoons, was on every part of the field, animating the volunteers by his presence and words; where the bullets were thickest, his towering black was seen, until the gallant rider fell, severely wounded. Col. Churchill has won an imperishable reputation for coolness and bravery. He rode along the lines of our regiment but a minute before the enemy opened upon us, remarking, "My brave Illinoisans, you did not make all those long marches to be whipped now, did you," and retired to our rear, where his horse received four wounds.

Gen. Wool behaved most gallantly, and has earned all his country can do for him, besides the respect, esteem and admiration of his brigade, who, before the battle, had a long account of what they considered petty annoyances treasured against him.

What can be said of "Old Rough and Ready?" He was every where, at the same time animating, ordering, and persuading his men to remember the day and their country, and strike home for both. The breast of his coat was pierced by a cannister shot. "These balls are growing excited," was his cool remark. I give you a list of killed and wounded of our regiment; it is the highest, though bloodiest eulogium that can be passed upon it.

I have extended this letter to an alarming length, I am aware, but your readers will excuse it—the theme is a mighty one—my heart is full, and pen could not be controlled. Major Mansfield, for self-possession and cool courage, was unequalled by any officer on the field. Gen. Taylor's staff, amongst whom is Lieut. Pope, of our State, bore orders through every part of the field.

In this, as in every case of arbitration by the sword, the laurel is closely entwined with the cypress, and the lustre of a brilliant victory, is darkened by the blood at which it has been purchased. I am unable to state our loss, but it has been very severe, and proves the battle of Buena Vista to have been, by far, the most terrible conflict in which our troops have been engaged. Captain Lincoln, Assistant Adjutant General to Gen. Wool, fell early in the action, while proudly distinguished by his efforts to bring the flying regiment back to their position, and with his last breath bore testimony against Indiana cowards. Col. Yell was pierced by a lance, while gallantly leading his regiment against the Mexican cavalry. The noble Hardin met his death gloriously, while conducting the last terrible charge. Col. McKee, after having gallantly sustained the honor of Kentucky, throughout the action, fell in the foremost rank, and Lieut. Col. Clay was cut down at almost the same moment with Hardin and McKee, while giving his men the most brilliant example of noble daring and lofty chivalry. Others have fallen, but their names are not known to me; nor, is it for me to pronounce the eulogy of those whose names I have recorded. Other and abler pens will do justice to the character and memory of the illustrious dead, whose devotion to the republic, they have written with their blood and sealed with their lives. Lincoln was a gallant officer and accomplished gentleman, of pure heart and generous impulses, and worthy of his revolutionary lineage. Yell was a warm friend and gallant man, quick to see the right and ready to pursue it. Hardin was one of nature's noblest spirits, a soldier tried and true, a rare union of the best qualities of the head and heart. McKee was wise in council and brave in the field, with a heart moved by the tenderest sympathies and most noble impulses. And what shall I say of Clay—the young, the brave, the chivalrous—foremost in the fight—the soul of every lofty sentiment!—devoted to his friends and generous to his enemies, he fell in the flower of his age and usefulness, and has left no worthier name behind him. If he was not the "noblest Roman of them all," few will deny that in him—

"Were the elements  
So mixed, that Nature might stand up and say  
To all the world—THIS WAS A MAN."

#### GEN. TAYLOR'S DETAILED REPORT OF THE BATTLE OF BUENA VISTA.

HEAD QUARTERS, ARMY OF OCCUPATION.

Agua Nueva, March 6, 1847.

Sir—I have the honor to submit a detailed report of the operations of the forces under my command which resulted in the engagement of Buena Vista, the repulse of the Mexican army, and the reoccupation of this position.

The information which reached me of the advance and concentration of a heavy Mexican force in my front, had assumed such a probable form as to induce a special examination far beyond the reach of our pickets to ascertain its correctness. A small party of Texan spies, under Major McCulloch, despatched to the Hacienda of Encarnacion, 30 miles from this, on the route to San Luis Potosi, had reported a cavalry force of unknown strength at that place.

On the 20th February a strong reconnaissance under Lieut. Col. May was despatched to the Hacienda of Heclonda, while Maj. McCulloch made another examination of Encarnacion. The results of these expeditions left no doubt that the enemy was in large force at Encarnacion under the orders of General Santa Anna, and that he meditated a forward movement and attack upon our position.

As the camp of Agua Nueva could be turned on either flank, and as the enemy's force was greatly superior to our own, particularly in the arm of cavalry, I determined, after much consideration, to take up a position about eleven miles in rear, and there await the attack. The army broke up its camp and marched at noon on the 21st, encamping at the new position a little in front of the Haciendas of Buena Vista. With a small force I proceeded to Saltillo to make some necessary arrangements for the defence of the town, leaving Brigadier General Wool in the immediate command of the troops.

Before those arrangements were completed on the morning of the 22d, I was advised that the enemy was in sight, advancing. Upon reaching the ground, it was found that this cavalry advance was in our front, having marched from Encarnacion, as we have since learned, at 11 o'clock on the day previous, and driving in a mounted force left at Agua Nueva to cover the removal of public stores. Our troops were in position, occupying a line of remarkable strength. The road at this point becomes a narrow defile, the valley on its right being rendered quite impracticable for artillery by a system of deep and impassable gullies, while on the left a succession of rugged ridges and precipitous ravines extends far back towards the mountain which bounds the valley. The features of the ground were such as nearly to paralyze the artillery and cavalry of the enemy, while his infantry could not derive all the advantage of its numerical superiority. In this position we prepared to receive him. Captain Washington's battery (4th artillery) was posted to command the road, while the 1st and 2d Illinois regiments under Colonels Hardin and Bissell, each eight companies, (to the latter of which was attached Captain Conner's company of Texas volunteers,) and the 2d Kentucky under Colonel McKee, occupied the crests of the ridges on the left and in rear. The Arkansas and Kentucky regiments of cavalry commanded by Cols. Yell and H. Marshall, occupied the extreme left near the base of the mountain, while the Indiana brigade, under Brigadier General Lane, (composed of the 2d and 3d regiments under Cols. Bowles and Lane,) the Mississippi riflemen under Col. Davis, the squadrons of the 1st and 2d dragoons under Capt. Steen and Lieut. Col. May, and the light batteries of Captains Sherman and Bragg, 3d artillery were held in reserve. At 11 o'clock I received from Gen'l Santa Anna a summons to surrender at discretion, which, with a copy of my reply, I have already transmitted. The enemy still forebore his attack, evidently waiting for the arrival of his rear columns, which could be distinctly seen by our look-outs, as they approached the field. A demonstration made on his left caused me to detach the 2d Kentucky regiment and a section of artillery to our right, in which position they bivouacked for the night. In the mean time the Mexican light troops had engaged ours on the extreme left, (composed of parts of the Kentucky and Arkansas cavalry dismounted, and a rifle battalion from the Indiana brigade under Major Gorman, the whole commanded by Col. Marshall,) and kept up a sharp fire, climbing the mountain side, and apparently endeavouring to gain our flank. Three pieces of Capt. Washington's battery had been detached to the left, and were supported by the 2d Indiana regiment. An occasional shell was thrown by the enemy into this part of our line, but without effect. The skirmishing of our light troops was kept up with trifling loss on our part until dark, when I became convinced that no serious attack would be made before the morning, and returned with the Mississippi regiment and squadron of 2d dragoons to Saltillo. The troops bivouacked without fires, and laid upon their arms. A body of cavalry, some 1,500 strong, had been visible all day in rear of the town, having entered the valley through a narrow pass east of the city. This cavalry, commanded by Gen. Minon, had evidently been thrown in our rear to break up and harass our retreat, and perhaps make some attempt against the town if practicable. The city was occupied by four excellent companies of Illinois volunteers, under Major Warren of the 1st regiment. A field-work, which commanded most of the approaches, was garrisoned by Capt. Webster's company, 1st artillery, and armed with two 24 pound howitzers, while the train and headquarter camp was guarded by two companies of Mississippi riflemen under Capt. Rogers, and a field piece commanded by Captain Shover, 3d artillery. Having made these dispositions for the protection of the rear, I proceeded on the morning of the 23d to Buena Vista, ordering forward all the other available troops. The action had commenced before my arrival on the field.

During the evening and night of the 22d, the enemy had thrown a body of light troops on the mountain side, with the purpose of outflanking our left; and it was here that the action of the 23d commenced at an early hour. Our riflemen under Colonel Marshall, who had been re-inforced by three companies under Major Trail, 2d Illinois volunteers, maintained their ground handsomely, against a greatly superior force, holding themselves under cover, and using their weapons with deadly effect. About 8 o'clock a strong demonstration was made against the centre of our position, a heavy column moving along the road. This force was soon dispersed by a few rapid and well-directed shots from Captain Washington's battery. In the meantime the enemy was concentrating a large force of infantry and cavalry under cover of the ridges, with the obvious intention of forcing our left, which was posted on an extensive plateau. The 2d Indiana and 2d Illinois regiments formed this part of our line, the former covering three pieces of light artillery, under the orders of Captain O'Brien—Brigadier General Lane being in the immediate command. In order to bring his men within effective range, Gen. Lane ordered the artillery and 2d Indiana regiment forward. The artillery advanced within musket range of a heavy body of Mexican infantry, and was served against it with great effect, but without being able to check its advance. The infantry ordered to its support had fallen back in disorder, being exposed, as well as the battery, not only to a severe fire of small arms from the front, but also to a murderous cross fire of grape and canister from a Mexican battery on the left. Captain O'Brien found it impossible to retain his position without support, but was only able to withdraw two of his pieces, all the horses and gunners of the third piece being killed or disabled. The 2d Indiana regiment which had fallen back as stated, could not be rallied, and took no further part in the action, except a handful of men, who, under its gallant Colonel Bowles, joined the Mississippi regiment, and did good service, and those fugitives who, at a later period in the day, assisted in defending the train and depot at Buena Vista. This portion of our line having given way, and the enemy appearing in overwhelming force against our left flank, the light troops which had rendered such good service on the mountain, were compelled to withdraw, which they did for the most part in good order. Many, however, were not rallied until they reached the depot at Buena Vista, to the defence of which they afterwards contributed.

Colonel Bissell's regiment, (2d Illinois,) which had been joined by a section

tion of Captain Sherman's battery, had become completely outflanked, and was compelled to fall back, being entirely unsupported. The enemy was now pouring masses of infantry and cavalry along the base of the mountain on our left, and was gaining our rear in great force. At this moment, I arrived upon the field. The Mississippi regiment had been directed to the left before reaching the position, and immediately came into action against the Mexican infantry which had turned our flank. The 2d Kentucky regiment and a section of artillery under Captain Bragg, had previously been ordered from the right to reinforce our left, and arrived at a most opportune moment. The regiment, and a portion of the 1st Illinois, under Colonel Hardin, gallantly drove the enemy, and recovered a portion of the ground we had lost. The batteries of Captains Sherman and Bragg were in position on the plateau, and did much execution, not only in front, but particularly upon the masses which had gained our rear. Discovering that the enemy was heavily pressing upon the Mississippi regiment, the third Indiana regiment, under Col. Lane, was dispatched to strengthen that part of our line which formed a crotchet perpendicular to the first line of battle. At the same time Lieut. Kilburn, with a piece of Captain Bragg's battery, was directed to support the infantry there engaged. The action was for a long time warmly sustained at that point—the enemy making several efforts both with infantry and cavalry against our line, and being always repulsed with heavy loss. I had placed all the regular cavalry and Captain Pike's squadron of Arkansas horse under the orders of Brevet Lieut. Col. May, with directions to hold in check the enemy's column, still advancing to the rear along the base of the mountain, which was done in conjunction with the Kentucky and Arkansas cavalry, under Cols. Marshall and Yell. In the meantime our left, which was still strongly threatened by a superior force, was further strengthened by the detachment of Captain Bragg's, and a portion of Captain Sherman's batteries to that quarter. The concentration of artillery fire upon the masses of the enemy along the base of the mountain, and the determined resistance offered by the two regiments opposed to them, had created confusion in their ranks, and some of the corps attempted to effect a retreat upon their main line of battle.

The squadron of the 1st dragoons, under Lieut. Rucker, was now ordered up the deep ravine which these retreating corps were endeavoring to cross, in order to charge and disperse them. The squadron proceeded to the point indicated, but could not accomplish the object, being exposed to a heavy fire from a battery established to cover the retreat of those corps. While the squadron was detached on this service, a large body of the enemy was observed to concentrate on our extreme left, apparently with the view of making a descent upon the hacienda of Buena Vista, where our train and baggage were deposited. Lieut. Colonel May was ordered to the support of that point, with two pieces of Captain Sherman's battery under Lieut. Reynolds. In the meantime, the scattered forces near the hacienda, composed in part of Major Trail and Gorman's commands, had been to some extent organized under the advice of Major Munroe, chief of artillery, with the assistance of Major Morrison, volunteer staff, and were posted to defend the position. Before our cavalry had reached the hacienda, that of the enemy had made its attack, having been handsomely met by the Kentucky and Arkansas cavalry under Colonels Marshall and Yell. The Mexican column immediately divided, one portion sweeping by the depot, where it received a destructive fire from the force which had collected there and then gaining the mountain opposite, under a fire from Lt. Reynolds's section, the remaining portion regaining the base of the mountain on our left. In the charge at Quena Vista, Col. Yell fell gallantly at the head of his regiment. We also lost Adjutant Vaughan, of the Kentucky cavalry, a young officer of much promise. Lt. Col. May, who had been rejoined by the squadron of the 1st dragoons, and by portions of the Arkansas and Indiana troops under Lt. Col. Roane and Major Gorman, now approached the base of the mountain, holding in check the right flank of the enemy, upon whose masses, crowded in the narrow gorges and ravines, our artillery was doing fearful execution.

The position of that portion of the Mexican army which had gained our rear was now very critical, and it seemed doubtful whether it could regain the main body. At this moment, I received from Gen. Santa Anna a message by a staff officer, desiring to know what I wanted. I immediately despatched Brig Gen Wool to the Mexican general-in-chief, and sent orders to cease firing. Upon reaching the Mexican lines, Gen. Wool could not cause the enemy to cease their fire, and accordingly returned without having an interview. The extreme right of the enemy continued its retreat along the base of the mountain, and finally, in spite of all our efforts, effected a junction with the remainder of the army.

During the day, the cavalry of Gen. Minon had ascended the elevated plain above Saltillo, and occupied the road from the city to the field of battle, where they intercepted several of our men. Approaching the town, they were fired upon by Capt. Webster from the redoubt occupied by his company, and then moved off towards the eastern side of the valley, and obliquely towards Buena Vista.

At this time Capt. Shover moved rapidly forward with his piece, supported by a miscellaneous command of mounted volunteers, and fired several shots at the cavalry with great effect. They were driven into the ravines which led into the lower valley, closely pursued by Capt. Shover, who was further supported by a piece of Captain Webster's battery, under Lieut. Donaldson, which had advanced from the redoubt, supported by Captain Wheeler's company Illinois volunteers. The enemy made one or two efforts to charge the artillery, but was finally driven back in a confused mass, and did not again appear upon the plain.

In the meantime, the fire had partially ceased upon the principal field. The enemy seemed to confine his efforts to the protection of his artillery, and I had left the plateau for a moment, when I was recalled thither by a very heavy musketry fire. On regaining that position I discovered that our infantry (Illinois and 2d Kentucky) had engaged a greatly superior force of the enemy—evidently his reserves—and that they had been overwhelmed by numbers. The moment was most critical. Capt. O'Brien, with two pieces, had sustained this heavy charge to the last, and was finally obliged to leave his guns on the field, his infantry support entirely routed. Capt. Bragg, who had just arrived from the left, was ordered at once into battery.—Without any infantry to support him, and at the imminent risk of losing his guns, this officer came rapidly into action, the Mexican line being but a few yards from the muzzle of his pieces. The first discharge of cannister caused the enemy to hesitate, the second and third drove him back in disorder, and saved the day.—The 2d Kentucky regiment, which had advanced beyond supporting distance in this affair, was driven back, and closely pressed by the enemy's cavalry. Taking a ravine, which led in the direction of Captain Washington's battery, their pursuers became exposed to his fire, which soon checked and drove them back with loss. In the

mean time, the rest of our artillery had taken position on the plateau, covered by the Mississippi, and 3d Indiana regiments, the former of which had reached the ground in time to pour a fire into the right flank of the enemy, and thus contribute to his repulse. In this last conflict, we had the misfortune to sustain a very heavy loss. Col. Hardin, 1st Illinois, and Col. Mc'Kee, and Lt. Col. Clay, 2d Kentucky regiment, fell at this time, while gallantly leading their commands.

No further attempt was made by the enemy to force our position, and the approach of night gave an opportunity to pay proper attention to the wounded, and also to refresh the soldiers, who had been exhausted by incessant watchfulness and combat. Though the night was severely cold, the troops were compelled for the most to bivouac without fires, expecting that morning would renew the conflict. During the night the wounded were removed to Saltillo, and every preparation made to receive the enemy should he again attack our position.—Seven fresh companies were drawn from the town, and Brig. Gen. Marshall, who had made a forced march from the Rinconada, with a reinforcement of Kentucky cavalry and four heavy guns, under Capt. Prentiss, 1st artillery, was near at hand, when it was discovered that the enemy had abandoned his position during the night. Our scouts soon ascertained that he had fallen back upon Agua Nueva. The great disparity of numbers, and the exhaustion of our troops, rendered it inexpedient and hazardous to attempt pursuit. A staff officer was despatched to General Santa Anna to negotiate an exchange of prisoners, which was satisfactorily completed on the following day. Our own dead were collected and buried, and the Mexican wounded, of which a large number had been left upon the field, were removed to Saltillo, and rendered as comfortable as circumstances would permit.

On the evening of the 26th, a close reconnaissance was made of the enemy's position, which was found to be occupied only by a small body of cavalry, the infantry and artillery having retreated in the direction of San Luis Potosi. On the 27th, our troops resumed their former camp at Agua Nueva, the enemy's rear guard evacuating the place as we approached, leaving a considerable number of wounded. It was my purpose to beat up his quarters at Encarnacion early the next morning, but upon examination, the weak condition of the cavalry horses rendered it unadvisable to attempt so long a march without water. A command was finally despatched to Encarnacion, on the 1st of March, under Col. Belknap. Some two hundred wounded, and about sixty Mexican soldiers were found there, the army having passed on in the direction of Matehuala, with greatly reduced numbers, and suffering much from hunger. The dead and dying were strewed upon the road, and crowded the buildings of the hacienda.

The American force engaged in the action of Buena Vista is shown, by the accompanying field report, to have been 334 officers, and 4,425 men exclusive of the small command left in and near Saltillo. Of this number, two squadrons of cavalry, and three batteries of light artillery, making not more than 453 men, composed the only force of regular troops. The strength of the Mexican army is stated by Gen. Santa Anna, in his summons, to be 20,000; and that estimate is confirmed by all the information since obtained. Our loss is 267 killed, 456 wounded, and 23 missing. Of the numerous wounded, many did not require removal to the hospital, and it is hoped that a comparatively small number will be permanently disabled. The Mexican loss in killed and wounded may be fairly estimated at 1,500, and will probably reach 2,000. At least 500 of their killed were left upon the field of battle. We have no means of ascertaining the number of deserters and dispersed men from their ranks, but it is known to be very great.

I respectfully enclose returns of the troops engaged, and of casualties incident to the battle.—I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,  
Z. TAYLOR, Maj.-Gen. U. S. A. Comm'ng.

#### LATER FROM MEXICO.

The towboat Daniel Webster and the steamer Edith, arrived at New Orleans on the 13th, with advices from Vera Cruz to the 6th inst.

These advices confirm the accounts brought by the St. Mary's, at Pensacola, of the capture of Alvarado without loss. It appears that Alvarado surrendered to Com. Perry,—who sent into the town a flag of truce,—before Gen. Quitman and his troops came up.

Com. Perry was about leaving with the fleet, to capture every Mexican port on the Gulf.

Several towns have already been taken—one south of Alvarado, a fine one, called Tlacoalpal, which possesses nobly sheltered harbors.

The Army was to leave for Jalapa, on the 7th, Twiggs commanding the advance, Paterson the centre, with the volunteers, while Worth, with the regulars, will close up the rear.

Col. Harney, with his squadron of dragoons, entered Antigua, fifteen miles from Vera Cruz, on the 2d instant, and made a brilliant charge on a force of the enemy's lancers, capturing eight men and one officer.

There are various rumors of Santa Anna's movements; one, that he has 20,000 men to oppose Scott, which meets with little credit from letter writers, and may be considered problematical.

#### Foreign Summary.

The principal interest of the Parliamentary proceedings relates to Ireland. The battle in the popular branch of the Legislature is still a Poor law—so that the government measures have been debated at great length and amid much opposition—the amendments have been various, but most of the moves shared the same defeat.—Lord Morpeth has introduced a bill into Parliament, which proposes to establish a board in London for protecting the health of towns, and regulating all measures bearing upon that object. The bill proposes to secure for the lower classes in the great countries the advantages of improved air, light, and water—the details of the measure are voluminous.

A letter from Constantinople states that in consequence of the large quantities of corn lately exported to Europe, some disturbance had taken place at Salonica; they were at last put down, but the Pasha, in order to avoid the chance of a civil outbreak, has forbidden, for the present, further exportation of grain.

The great fast, on account of the famine, was quite rigidly held throughout the British Islands.

The distress that exists in all parts of France is very great, and in some departments, carts and boats laden with corn, have to be accompanied by detachments of soldiers, to save them from being pillaged by the people.

It is reported that the first steamship, conveying the French mails, will leave Havre about the first of next month for New York.

All the inhabitants of the town of Egelsbach, in the Grand Duchy of Hesse-Darmstadt, 1400 in number, have requested permission to be allowed to emigrate to the United States.

The number of emigrants has been really extraordinary, and in April and May will be yet greater—Throughout all Germany extensive preparations are making for emigration to the States; indeed, some districts are threatened with complete depopulation.

The most remarkable article of intelligence is that of the reaction of the corn market. There had been a sudden fall in the prices of grain of every description, in England, Ireland, and France. This change appears to have arisen not so much from an excess of quantity, notwithstanding the large importations, as from a panic among the speculators, who had become alarmed at the high prices.

The greatest change is in the price of Indian Corn, which reached its greatest depression about March 28th. April 1st, it was selling at Liverpool at 47s to 50s per quarter, which was 4s to 5s higher than in the beginning of the same week. The "Newry Telegraph" of April 1st, says that "on the 19th of February Indian Corn sold freely at £18 to £18 5s per ton, and it is now with difficulty disposed of at £12 to £12 10s per ton, being a fall of £6 per ton." American flour had declined within that period from 46s to 39s and 40s.

The prices however had somewhat recovered in the principal markets at the latest dates, and were apparently unsettled, depending much on the prospect of foreign arrivals. In France the fluctuations had been as great as in England.

The question between Greece and the Porte was still unsettled, and there were contradictory accounts as to the part which some of the Courts would take in the affair.

The Liverpool *Chronicle* estimates the quantity of specie likely to be brought out by the Cambria, at about £500,000, and the amount during the month, by this steamer, the Sarah Sands and Caledonia, a little short of a million.

The Cotton market at Liverpool, had improved since the 26th, the date of our last previous accounts, and prices had nearly reached the rates quoted at the commencement of the last month. The sales of cotton during the month amounted to 116,360 bales. There was also an improvement in the cotton trade at Manchester. The prices of iron were without change.

We have again the gratification to announce, says the "London Post," the approach of an event calculated to increase the domestic happiness of our Sovereign and the Prince Consort. Her Majesty's accouchement, it is confidently stated, will take place in August next.

Prince Jules de Polignac, the last minister of Charles the Tenth of France, died on the 27th ult., at St. Germain-en-Laye, where he had been living in retirement since he was released from confinement at Ham. He was 67 years of age, and leaves six children. His younger brother, Count Melchin de Polignac, formerly an aide-de-camp of Charles X., is still living. His elder brother, the Duc de Polignac, died about a month before.

The Inauguration of Prince Albert as Chancellor of Cambridge University took place at Buckingham Palace, in London, on the 26th of March.

Daniel O'Connell's health had improved, and he had gone to the Continent. On the 27th of March he left Paris on his way to Rome. Dr Chomel, the King's physician, was of opinion that if he would avoid political excitement, he might recover his health.

The emperor of Russia has issued an ukase declaring that Jews in the army shall be allowed to rise to the rank of Lt.

Advices were received in Paris that Lord Palmerston had again urged the cabinets of Vienna and St. Petersburg to make a formal declaration respecting the marriage of the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier, and that it was probable that the cabinet of Vienna would speedily comply with this request, and that Russia would adhere to it.

The ex-Dictator of Cracow, M. Tyssowski, has taken his departure for the U.S. He would probably have been condemned to death, or at least to imprisonment for life, for the leading part he took in the late Polish outbreak, had he not consented to perpetual banishment to America. The Austrian government has sent him out, and has given orders to its Minister at Washington to help him get his living.

*Ireland.*—The state of Ireland is improving. The accounts received of the result of the carrying into effect the general order for the dismissal of a fifth part of the laborers on the public works, show that destitution has been greatly exaggerated; and in some districts scenes of turbulence have occurred, although, generally, the poor people have submitted with exemplary patience. In some districts the order had not been enforced. The new relief measures will soon be in operation in several of the counties where the government are receiving local co-operation. In the city of Dublin, the preliminary arrangements have been completed, and rates will soon be declared for relieving the destitute.

*Intended Assassination of the Pope.*—A few days ago, a young man was arrested at Rome, in a coffee-house frequented by foreign artists, for having spoken disrespectfully of the Pope. He called himself Count Baldi, a native of Fano, and in his lodgings several poignards, air-guns, and other prohibited arms, were found. He at first would give no explanation, but at last stated that he had intended to assassinate Pius IX on the day on which his Holiness should distribute religious banners to the different quarters of Rome. He is said to be implicated in the conspiracy recently discovered at Rome and Ancona.—*Galignani.*

*An Affecting Scene.*—The late George Dunn, jailer—or, as modern magniloquence will have it, governor—of Kilmarnock, was a blunt, kind-hearted Northumbrian, who had witnessed many affecting scenes in his time. Being required to mention the incident, connected with capital punishments, which had most affected him during his long experience, he selected one so simple, and so touching, as proves him to have been possessed, not only of very tender feelings, but of a most correct and delicate judgment. At the last interview between a condemned criminal and his wife—their child, a bonny wee thing just beginning to prattle, was playing about the cell. Her little eye was caught by the glint of the bolts which contained the father's legs, and she cried out, in blissful ignorance of their use—"Oh daddy, what pretty things! You never wore these at home."

"Many a sad thing I have seen," said the honest jailer, "and many a bitter cry I have heard within these walls; but never one that made me blubber like a child till then. The mother, sir, and the poor fellow himself—oh, sir, it was terrible, terrible."—*Tait's Magazine.*

**TO A NOVA SCOTIA CORRESPONDENT.**—We have received his letter, and a copy of certain resolutions at a meeting. The wording and the style are good, and his letter is also. But we must be excused, if we do not insert either, for an anxious object of ours from the first, has been not to interfere with parties in the British Provinces, as we have often perceived that it is too frequently done by those who know little of the matter, and that little is *ex parte* in its nature.

### OUR NEW PLATE.

Our magnificent new plate is almost complete. We have just had a proof from the artist. It is a portrait at full length of the immortal, although ex-minister **SIR ROBERT PEEL**, and as a work of art, we may venture to say that it has not an equal from the hands of an engraver on this continent. The plate is 27 by 18 inches in dimension, and the engraved part is about 24 by 16 inches. It is the compound effect of mezzotint, stippling, and line, which in modern works is so very greatly admired, and is executed by Doney, who, in such matters is considered one of the first among the first.

Before we issue this plate, we intend to prepare a written sketch of the great man.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 6 $\frac{1}{2}$  a 7 per cent. prem.

## THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1847.

The mail-steamer Columbia of the 4th inst. from Liverpool has arrived, but she does not bring much intelligence. The greatest is that agricultural produce seems to have got past its highest price of the panic, and is now descending tolerably fast. The promises of crops in the British Empire are encouraging, and now is the period for the Government gradually to be firm in the management of the people and their landlords, in Ireland.

The Protectionists may now practically see the error of the argument put forth that it would not do for Great Britain to be at the aid of supply from other countries for their wants in Bread. Whenever she shall be a market at a paying price there will never be a difficulty in getting a supply.

The latest quotations give a rise in the price of cotton of about 3-16 or 1-44, per pound, which is a considerable advance.

There seems to be two grand legislative errors in the management of certain affairs in this Union, and we are inclined to the belief that the sooner these things are attended to rightly, the greater will be the national probity, and the fewer will be the hindrances of public business. We are far from approving the notion that these States or governments should be traders as such; they may through their proper officers contract or bargain for certain matters to be made, done, supplied, bought for the public service, but we do not think the legislature should ever be concerned in railroads, canals, or other matters of speculation, nor even that members who are concerned in such projects should ever be influentially, directly, in the halls of legislature in bringing forward any bill of that nature. The Government should have no hand in money matters of a speculative nature, and their only receipts and disbursements should be for national prosperity and public weal. On the contrary none but the government should have the right of a telegraph, it should be open to all who want its intercourse in a fair way, and for reasonable payment, and the government should be always attentive to bring to justice and condign punishment those who do any injury thereto.

We cannot help thinking that these are remarkable truths in public government, to all who will maturely think upon the tendency of these things, and if they could be managed they would have the effect of making the legislative members more dignified and independent in their public dealings, and would make the public less at the mercy of mischief-doing knaves. In their present state there are ten thousand abuses constantly performed.

The article on which we made a few remarks last week, seems to be of that order of politics which seeks the advantage of the country whose interests it advocates, at every other expense, and without any consideration of the world in general, and it is fundamentally that we agree with the doctrine which would take off as much as possible the restrictions which would prevent the bulk of mankind from enjoying to the utmost the blessings and the produce of any other. When the Creator gave the earth and its produce to the sustenance and enjoyment of man, he did not say to every particular nation of man, but his well known command was "Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it," and as the trading, the bartering, the merchandise, the exchanges, and the prices of goods are the consequence of that reason which he benevolently gave to the cultivation of mankind, so, we believe, did he foresee that the best way of shedding the beauties of his benevolence wide around, would be by this mode of fetching, carrying, buying, and selling. Now a preventive policy seems to be the reverse of the benevolent creator's design, and would suppose mankind to be a bellicose, quarrelsome, selfish race who are desirous of getting as much as possible themselves at the expense of all the rest.

### Fine Arts.

#### NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

(TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL EXHIBITION.)

This is by far the best that we have the recollection of having seen in this city. Here are no fewer than 375 subjects, a smaller proportion than usual are portraits of unknown persons, and here are a great many designs, and many are both ingenious and well executed. In short to a lover of the Arts and an

American to boot, here are many occasions of gratification and national pride. The cherisher of the Arts will see with pleasure this sample of the progress they are making in this country, and the mere spectator will feel complacency when he reflects that all around him is either the execution of American citizens or of American denizens. We are neither so bigotted ourselves as to assert that it is a very clever whole, nor are we so flattering in our language as to tell as much to our readers, but any one who can see the present exhibition, and compare it mentally with what they have seen in former annual galleries, and not at once admit that a very large and very promising advance is made, we have boldness to tell them that they either have poor judgment or a poor memory. Here is exhibited some more or less of each of the Fine Arts except music, we have painting, drawing in water colours, sculpture, modelling in clay, casts in plaster, and drawings of architecture. Even the two small passage rooms which hitherto were but ante-rooms in which the weary spectator might repose, have now some subjects in them, and we trust that all who may visit the city will go to the exhibition of the National Academy of Design. They will be doing public good whilst they are receiving gratification, and improvement to the taste.

We purpose doing this year according to the plan we adopted last year. We shall notice, *seriatim*, such pictures and works of Art, as strike us most, when going through the rooms; then go a second time, and note what becomes more striking when closely examined, and lastly we shall especially notice that which are in our opinion very bad; and as for those which to us seem tolerably good, and yet have nothing in general that we can especially praise or condemn, we shall leave untouched.

No. 1. *Cortes*.—By P. F. Rothermel.—This is placed, as usual in such cases, as attractive as possible; and it is on the whole a good picture, the haggard stern faces of the soldiery are good, the Indian female is well, the fainting state of the European female is very prettily expressed, but the countenance of the Cortes is very bad, it expresses conceit rather than concern, and, except the drapery and the attitude, the figures as a chief figure in the group.

No. 2. *Italian Landscape, Beauty in Solitude*.—By G. C. Mason.—This is a pretty Italian warm landscape, and there is plenty of ruin, both in the foreground and every ground of it. But there is too much ruin, and it is extravagantly composed. These two pictures are very well selected, as the beginning of an exhibition. They are each, large, and will leave a good effect in the minds of mixed visitors.

No. 6. *Cromwell Exhorting his Captains, after the Battle of Naseby*.—By J. W. Glass.—The artist has got a very good expression of the features and of the expression of countenance of the principal figure. He is on horseback, and has the Bible in his hands. One captain holds his horse's bridle, another is following the general's readings by the help of another bible, a third has his eyes shut as representing the cogitations of the inward man, all shew the apparent piety, and some by their expression, their zeal in the cause. The back ground is a fine military plain, and the soldiers of the Parliamentary army are at exercise, and the picture does very high credit generally to the artist. We perceive that it is a great centre of attraction in the exhibition.

No. 10. *Portrait of a Gentleman*.—By S. A. Mount, N. A.—This painting besides being a good likeness, is a good picture artistically considered.

No. 12. *Trading Horses*.—By A. Ballard.—The painter seems to know the trick of horse trading, and apparently has a keen sense of the humour of it. One, in rags, is about mounting his horse, as if he would no more babble about the business; the other is whittling a bit of stick, with great stolidity of countenance, whilst he seems to pretend to care but little about this palaver, or how it is to terminate.

No. 16. *Capt. Gov. Morris, U. S. A.*.—By Edward H. May.—This is really a good picture as well as a spirited portrait. The artist of this fine painting has done himself credit, and deserves a high place in the world of art.

No. 17. *The Kantaskite Water*. By J. A. Richards.—This view has a well-executed hill in the back ground, tolerable foliage, water in the foreground with effect very liquid, a masterly foreground, and the castle in the forest and near the water takes very much off the otherwise dullness of the scene.

No. 19. *The Shepherd Boy*. By J. H. Shegogue, N. A. We can imagine that this artist's journey to Europe and the visits to the European schools of art he has profited thereby. There is a rich shiny mellow tinge in the countenance of this boy, having some effect like that of the "Spanish Flower Girl" in the Dulwich Gallery, England, one of the finest of the Murillo's, and well known to all artists. He has well realized the poet's lines, which, we are to suppose, gave the design.

No. 20. *Hon. John C. Calhoun*. By J. Bogle.—This may be compared with other likenesses of this celebrated man, now in the exhibition, and they are all much alike, as to expression of countenance; we believe that this artist has been very happy in catching the notion he intended, and this is a good picture. We wish the public would consider the last qualification, for the portrait may be considered as a picture, besides a good likeness.

Nos. 24, 29, and 77. Compositions in Landscape. By A. B. Durand, P. N. A.—We need hardly say, in a country where this artist's reputation is deservedly high and extensive as this is in general, that in these three pictures we have a full specimen both of his skill and of his manner, which in the last mentioned case is rather too prominent. There is one method of doing his foliage, there is one method of doing his warm, sunny effects, one sort of use of his yellow, which occasion those who have got at all used to them, the faculty of knowing when they approach a picture done

by him, that they are coming to "a Durand." But his 26, which is to be considered a forenoon effect, and the blues and greys are, as all are by Durand, very excellent. But there is so much in these three paintings that applies to them all, particularly the foliage, that this one notice may do for all that are in the present exhibition.

*Portrait of Robert Burns*.—From a painting by Nasmyth, the celebrated artist, in 1787, engraved in mezzotint by Sadd, of this city, printed with much care by Dalton, and is just published by John Dinwiddie (the sole agent) at 124 Nassau Street, in this city. This is a most beautiful engraving, very soft, and the subject is a darling one of the many Scotch who are in this country. The spirited sparkling of the eye is well expressed, and is really a fine, and as we think, a cheap plate, its price being only \$2 per copy, and the size of the plate being 15 by 12½ inches. The plan is a bust in an oval, the favourite mode of the late lamented Inman. We need not give more intimation to any Scotchman, nor indeed to any one who is an admirer of the poetry of feeling, nature, and simplicity.

### Music and Musical Intelligence.

*Tabernacle*.—*Concert given by the Italian Company*.—We feel most sorry of being obliged to say that, on Saturday last, there were not 400 people in the Tabernacle. We are aware that, on the same night, the Philharmonic Society gave their last concert; however we consider it as a disgrace to a city of 400,000 inhabitants not to be able to fill two concert rooms at a time, particularly when they have to answer the call of superior artists. In spite of this non-patronage, the concert was admirable, and if enthusiasm could reward the unfortunate artists, they must have been comforted by the terrific applause they have so justly received. The bill of performance was very rich: the overtures to "Norma" and "Il Barbieri" (the movement of this last, perhaps, a little too slow) were given with precision; the principal gems of "Ernani" were as effective as on the two preceding nights at the Park theatre, and the three favourite pieces from "Il Barbieri" were very well sung by Sig'na Tedesco and Sig. Vita. The cavatina of "Una voce poco fa" was loudly encored and was a triumphant proof that Miss. Tedesco sings with the same ease and success, light, brilliant or dramatic music. M. Vita sings Figaro, and he remembered us of Tamburini's manners and style. But the greatest feature of the evening was certainly the performance of Messrs. Botesini and Ardit. These two gentlemen performed together two duets of their own composition for violin and double-bass. Their "festa deli Zingari," which is not a feast of Bohemians as they pretend, but the greatest treat that can be given to musicians, is a most remarkable piece. In the hands of Sig. Botesini the double-bass is no more a double-bass, but every thing which has a soul,—violin, violino, barytone (a new instrument invented by an old acquaintance, M. Alex. Lacorne) violoncello. This instrument is all string instruments by turns and almost at the same time. M. Botesini is a wonder, a genius, a Paganini. He and Vieuxtemps are the two greatest instrumental performers of our age. In our admiration for M. Cotesini, we must not be unjust with Sig. Ardit, who is, indeed, a violinist of a very high order, and far, far superior to many solo players of great pretensions. We do not like comparisons, but to try to make ourselves understood, we shall say to our readers that, as a whole, we consider B. Ardit as being more skillful than was the regretted Artot. And to conclude, if these artists, all good, some sterling and one a musical phenomenon, do not make money, who can, and what is to be thought of the New York taste?

*New Music*.—Amongst the recent publications of Wm. Dubois, 315 Broadway, we take pleasure in noticing a "Divertissement de salon" on a March of Winter, composed by Mademoiselle Louise Chouquet. This is quite a charming piece, well suited for the parlor, elegant and pleasing without being too difficult. It cannot fail from becoming popular and we strongly recommend it to our fair readers.

The following new music is just published by C. Hall, Junr., 186 Fulton Street:

"Forest Flower so Palely Drooping."—The words of this song are by Mrs. Balmanno, the music by Miss Augusta Brown, and really the poetess ought to be better known as a poetess, for the language is beautiful, pathetic, well chosen words, in good prosody, and, we believe, very appropriate to the occasion, as they are a monody of the death of a lady who well deserved them, and the music is by one who in this kind of composition is very much admired and approved. The melody is for a modern compass of the soprano voice, and is very fluent; the key is E flat major.

*The Shepherd's Cottage*.—The words are by G. P. Morris, Esq., and the music by Charles P. Horn. This is also in three flats major, and may be sung by a tenor, or upwards in the scale.

### Mr. BRADBURY'S FAREWELL FESTIVAL.

The exercises in singing by the numerous scholars under the tuition of Mr. Bradbury took place on Wednesday evening at the Tabernacle, where an audience assembled, filling every part of the building. It was an interesting exhibition. A gold watch and chain valued at \$70 was presented to Mr. B. by his scholars as a token of regard. On behalf of the scholars, this interesting ceremony was introduced in a short address by Master CHARLES PIERSON, delivered in a very creditable manner that prompted many flattering remarks.

Mr. Bradbury intends visiting the music schools of Europe, and after an absence of about one year to return and resume his profession. May success attend him!

## The Drama.

*Park Theatre*.—We observed in our last that it was our intention to go into particulars of the new Operatic Company from the Havannah, and this we promised from the ordinary course in theatres, of extending (or pretending to extend) an engagement when the adventure takes well. Upon the occasion alluded to, however, there were as advertised only two evenings of performance, and both were the opera of "Hernani" which came off very well, to full and fashionable audiences, and the company not only gave good proof of their ability, and that they were strong both in number and skill, but we feel assured that they proceed to Boston with the belief that they will do well when they come here again, but that must not be in the Summer, for that is a bad time to make up an Operatic audience in New York, unless, as in this case the French Company, they perform Operettas only. The attraction here now is Mrs. Mason, who is performing exceedingly well. Her display of feeling is sufficient and not ranting; her pathos is sweet and touching, and her readings are evidently those of a woman of sense and discernment. Her Marianna in Knowles' Play of "The Wife" is excellent, and it is to the credit of the Park company that she was well played up to. Dyott's Duke was, like all he does, very good, and we think that he has very much improved in his general action and speaking; he is really a treasure to the house. Stark was good in the Gonzaga. Wheatley as Pierre surpassed himself both in action and speaking, but he still has that cockney mode of putting the letter *r* at the end of substantives ending with a vowel. Andrews was a clear and steady advocate, but Bass as the curate was stiff, preaching, and more like a hypocrite than a benevolent-hearted priest. America may be proud of such an actress as Mrs. Mason, and she will always draw a full house.

## (COMMUNICATION.)

*Park Theatre*.—*Italian Company*.—On Thursday and Friday of last week the Italian company from Havana has performed Verdi's opera of *Ernani* at this theatre. We ask our readers to allow us to speak at some length of the merits of this company, probably the best and most effective, we ever had in New York. *Ernani* like all Verdi's Opera's, require dramatic singers, artists uniting vocal, kill, feeling and style to a great deal of physical power; the works of this new and already popular maestro must also be sustained by good choruses and a full orchestra. Well, we most emphatically declare that the Havana company has all these requisites, and is a match to the most heavy scores. The choruses are large, perfectly drilled and equal to any we ever heard; the orchestra is capital and very well conducted. Now, the principal artists of the company are all good musicians, and singers of the best school and we consider *la Tedesco* as *prima donna di prima cartello*, to use an Italian expression the equivalent of our *star* or *sterling* artists. This young and fascinating woman is in the full blossom of youth, beauty, and talent; we need not speak of her beauty which had gained to her every heart before she began to sing; we shall merely say that her voice is as fine and admirable as her large black eyes, and has more than two octaves of compass. It goes from C up to D, full, rich of tone, sweet, equal and velvet-like as a new key board of Pleyel. Sig. Perelli, the tenor, has not the same power, nor the same roundness of voice as the fair *Prima Donna*; but his school is perfect and his skill deserves the greatest praises. Sig. Vita, the barytone, is likewise an experienced singer; he sings with ease up to G, and the treble of his voice is sweet, pleasant, and most effective. As to the basso, Sig. Morelli, he does not appear with much advantage in *Ernani*; his voice seems little heavy; we do not doubt, however, he is a singer of talent, and may obtain in some other parts the same flattering reception as his brother artists. After having candidly expressed our admiration and opinions on the merits of the new company, we shall briefly add a few more words on Verdi's opera. The libretto of *Ernani* is borrowed from V. Hugo's *Hernani*; it is a literary murder undoubtedly, but the Italian maestro has been well inspired by the French Dramatist. At some future time we shall explain how Verdi understands medical composition and what are his favourite effects; we shall only say to day that *Ernani* has been very favourably received from all the public. The first chorus and cavatina, Elvira's cavatina and the trio in the first act; the duo, with a beautiful accompaniment of oboe and clarionet, ending with a terzetto and the romance of the barytone in the 2d act; the finale in the 3d act, and the finale trio in the 4th act. Such are the most striking pieces in *Ernani* and those which have elicited the greatest enthusiasm.

The Havana Company has now gone to Boston where they will remain until the end of next month. We shall have them again after their Boston engagement at the Park theatre.

*Bowery Theatre*.—Mrs. Shaw is doing, as she always does on the stage, she is gratifying every lover of the drama by her superior mode of performing the higher female characters in that which is the highest range at the present fashion of that department. Her Countess in the play of "Love" is a very compound of her expression of hauteur and of love, and the only fault of the piece is not in her performance, but in the poet who has made the condition of a lady too humiliating, and that of the Countess too proud.

*Olympic Theatre*.—They have got up the opera of *Fra Diavolo*, very well here, save that the tenor of *Fra Diavolo* is not made good in the contralto of Mrs. Thorne, but she plays the part very well indeed. Our favorite Mary Wilcott, who is really very anxious to, though she continues to have some faults in our opinion, is much too loud in her singing, she drowns everyone, whereas she should just mix as much of her voice in the concert as will make sweet harmony and no more; the distinction of being a loud singer, may be very well in a minor theatre, but will not do elsewhere. Wilcott is an excellent Lord Alcach, and Nickinson

always dresses his part well, and indeed plays it well too, but he cannot sing the Brigadier at all. There is a good dry humour in Mr. Rosenthal who is far more clever than he seems to care for credit after. The band in the orchestra, for the *Fra Diavolo*, is well strengthened, and the drummer, young Dodsworth, is beyond all praise.

## Literary Notices.

*Historic Tales for Youth, or Social Evenings*.—Harper & Brothers.—This is a neatly printed volume of sketches drawn from the modern history of Europe, exhibiting the great moral excellencies of character of various distinguished individuals. The work has already been before the world, and favourably received. It is exceedingly well adapted to youth.

*James's String of Pearls*.—The Harpers have also re-issued this early production of the celebrated novelist. It is a very readable volume of minor tales.

*Spain Re-visited*, by A. Slidell Mackenzie.—Harper & Brothers have just issued a new and cheap edition of this admired work, now a standard on the subject. It will most amply repay perusal, especially at this time, when the old Spanish Colonies down South, are fast fading into dotage.

*Harpers Fireside Library No. 1. Alice Gordon*, by Dr. Alden.—We have seldom seen a more enticing little tome. It is fully illustrated by good engravings, and the cover is quite unique and beautiful.

*The Architect*, No. 7.—By Wm. H. Ranlett.—New York: Graham.—This is the first No. of a second volume; each number contains very excellent designs, plans of the building, carpenters' work of the inside and roof, estimates of the cost at present prices, and is lastly, both a permanent and a valuable publication. The present is the Swiss style, and we understand that the volume in hand will be entirely ornamental, and cheap neat buildings. It ought to be in every person's hands who has inclination for building, and will help materially to check an offer, in a pecuniary sense of the matter particularly.

*Fletcher's Bible*, No. 43.—New York: Virtue & Co.—We have throughout had much pleasure in referring to this edition in appearance, in elegant print, fine text, and on its very beautifully executed engravings, of which one appears in each number. That which has come out with the present number, is Moses striking the rock, and water gushing out. It is from the prince of Spanish painters of Scripture, Murillo, and the whole design is good.

## MEYERBEER'S "CAMP OF SILESIA."

Vienna, Feb. 22—I was present at the second performance of Meyerbeer's "Camp of Silesia," which is here called "Vielka," on Saturday night. The house was again crowded, but the excitement was naturally not so great as on the first representation of the 18th. Meyerbeer refused the *encore* for the overture, but was called for, as also Jenny Lind and Staudigl, several times. The "Swedish Nightingale" was encored in her flute solo, and was in excellent voice. In one or two bits in the second act she recalled the piquante style of Thillon: in the last act she had the tragic power of Adelaide Kemble—as a singer she is superior to both. The *artiste* she most resembles in London is Mrs. A. Shaw. But it may be called without any want of gallantry, a plain likeness. She is about the middle height, with light flaxen hair, and is ladylike in her deportment. She has an old maidish look, and yet there is an indescribable charm about her. Histrionic genius she does not possess—do not expect a *Norma* in her; but in Donizetti's "Fille du Régiment," Balfe's "Bohemian Girl," and in bits of "Sonnambula," she is very captivating. It is in this style of dramas that Jenny Lind is heard to advantage, and in this opinion I am strengthened by the best Viennese critics. You may judge yourself of the correctness of this view by the present triumphs of Pauline Viardot Garcia of Berlin, who is more popular there than Lind, to the great delight of the Countess Rossi (formerly Sontag) who always predicted that the Berliner had overrated Jenny's talent. There is some truth in this, but the Lind is not the less an *artiste* of genius, who will create a sensation wherever she is heard; her immense success here and elsewhere in Germany, can, however be explained. Since the halcyon days of Schreder Devrient, of Lutzer, of Hasselt, Heinfetter, Lowe, and other vocalists, Jenny Lind is doubly prized in Germany, especially as there is such a complete dearth of great vocal talent at the present moment; but place a great Italian soprano in the same country, and Lind is then measured by a sure standard—thus Viardot, both in German and Italian, has created an unexampled *furore* after the fair Jenny. The voice of the Swedish Nightingale is not equal in its register, being deficient in the medium portion, but her upper notes are pure and resonant, and her intonation is faultless. Her execution of scales, especially the chromatic, is wonderful.

There is a difference of opinion about "Vielka." It is considered by the first critics to be inferior to the "Robert le Diable," and "The Huguenots." I think the music is quite worthy of Meyerbeer's genius, but it is wedded to an absurd libretto. "The Camp of Silesia," was originally produced in 1844, to celebrate the inauguration of the Konghole Schauspiel, in Berlin. It was then revived with changes for the first original part for Jenny Lind; and it was on hearing her in 1845 that the director of Drury Lane Theatre engaged her for London, with Meyerbeer; and Jenny Lind was far advanced in her acquirement of the English language, when, about a month after Mr. Bunn's departure, she received an offer to sing in Italian, on double the terms of her original contract. How far this increase of profit or the difficulties of the language deterred Jenny Lind from going to London in 1845 or 1846 I know not, but here she is still, with the open avowal that she will never visit England until she has what she calls "her fatal signature" returned; and Meyerbeer, who is her adviser, approves of her conduct in this respect.

To mount "Vielka" properly requires all the resources of Astley's with those of a great lyrical theatre. In the first place there is a troop of cavalry, a company of infantry, and a battery of artillery in the second act. Then there are three military bands—a drum and fife band, a trumpet band, and a band of wind instruments, besides the ordinary orchestra. In short, it is a grand operatic military spectacle, the interest of which is centred in the locality where the *Gräfen* of Frederick the Great are held in deserved repute, but do not interest in an equal degree the Viennese, and would still less excite your London *rustici*.

Staudigl is as popular here as Meyerbeer and Jenny Lind. He departs for London for the season, but at what period is as yet uncertain, as the manager of the Ander Wien Theatre is anxious to run the "Vielka" as long as possible.

The rumor of Lind's retirement from the stage is again current, but I do not believe it; she must be more than mortal to resist the tempting offers made to her from all quarters. To a very handsome contract, sent to her from Paris, she replied lately that she had resolved not to go there or to London, but at the expiration of her present engagement here she would visit her native country, Sweden. Wherever she goes she will make friends; she is very amiable, very charitable, and *comme il faut* in all her actions. I shall send you my "notes," if they be of any value, of the state of music in Prussia, Saxony, &c.—*Cor. of the Morning Chronicle*

**IN A FEW DAYS WILL BE PUBLISHED  
THE MILLER OF MARTIGNE.**

A ROMANCE.—BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.  
*Author of "The Roman Traitor," "Marmaduke Wyvill," "The Brothers," "Cromwell," Etc.*

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March 20,

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March 20.

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April 3-2m.

**LAW AGENCY,**

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Jan. 23—3m.

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July 7-1y.

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March 13-3m.\*

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**ANNIVERSARY DINNER OF THE ST. GEORGE'S SOCIETY.**

THE SIXTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY DINNER of the St. George's Society, of the City of New York, will take place at the City Hotel, at 6 o'clock P.M. on Friday the 23rd day of April instant, when the members and friends of the Society are respectfully invited to attend. Tickets may be had at the following places:—

Thomas Warner, No. 18 City Hall-place

Dr. Bradshaw, No. 11 Barclay-st.

Joseph H. Ash, No. 292 Broadway,

George Johnson, No. 11 Spruce-st. and 234 Sixth Avenue.

Stewards.

April 10-21.

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Would direct the attention of the public to the following brief account of the present condition of this institution, and of the effort now making to increase its importance and usefulness.

The institution is now, in every respect, prosperous. It is free from financial embarrassment; its real estate, independent of its books, far exceeds in value the amount of its obligations; and its income provides for its current expenses, and for considerable annual additions to the Library. It has recently erected a noble library edifice in a central situation, on the principal street of the city, spacious enough for a library of more than a hundred thousand volumes. Its present library numbers forty thousand, generally well-selected volumes (many of which are rare and costly); it may therefore be said to have laid the foundation for a library of the first class, and such the trustees are determined to make it, if the public will foster it as the importance of the object deserves.

Attached to the library is a convenient and commodious reading room, well supplied with the home and foreign journals and newspapers, which offers every accommodation, both for quiet reading and a rapid glance at the news of the day. One of the objects now in view is to transfer this department of the library to the first floor of the building, to render it more accessible to persons whose time is limited, and to extend the library proper over the whole of the second floor.

The institution is not, as many have supposed, an exclusive one. Any person of fair character may become member of it on application to the librarian, and enjoy its privileges by paying twenty-five dollars, the price of a share, and an annual assessment of six dollars; the latter may be commuted at any time by the payment of seventy-five dollars.

This is the condition and character of the institution, in whose benefit the public are now invited to participate, and for whose advancement their co-operation is solicited. It is hoped that every friend to the moral and intellectual improvement of our city, every parent who would furnish various and valuable reading to his children, every one who seeks an occasional retreat from the toils and tumults of business, in a word, every one who knows the value of a great library in a great metropolis, and is not now a member of this institution, will immediately become one, and that those who are already members of it will lend their active and efficient aid in raising it to the rank which the trustees are now aiming to give it. If this is done, the trustees pledge themselves to the public that nothing shall be wanting on their part to carry out this great object, and enable the institution to attain a character and present an aspect of extent and importance that will make it the boast and honor of the commercial metropolis of the Union.

Feb. 13—1f.

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Jan. 16th

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Ap. 20-tf.

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Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
SHERIDAN,	F. A. Depoyster,	Sept. 26th	Nov. 11.
GARRICK,	B. I. H. Tiask,	Oct. 26.	Dec. 11.
ROSCUS,	Aaa Eldridge,	Nov. 26.	Jan. 11.
SIDDONS,	E. B. Cobb,	Dec. 26.	Feb. 11.

These ships are all of the first class, upwards of 1100 tons, built in the City of New York, with such improvements as combine great speed with unusual comfort for passengers.

Every care has been taken in the arrangement of their accommodations. The price of passage hence is \$100, for which ample stores will be provided. These ships are commanded by experienced masters, who will make every exertion to give general satisfaction.

Neither the Captains or owners of the ships will be responsible for any letters, parcels, or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to

E. K. COLLINS & Co., 56 South Street, N.Y., or to

BROWN, SHIPLEY & Co., Liverpool.

Letters by the Packets will be charged 12 1/2 cents per single sheet, 50 cents per ounce, and newspapers 1 cent each.

Messrs. E. K. Collins & Co. respectfully request the Publishers of Newspapers to discontinue all Advertisements not in their names of the Liverpool Packets, viz.:—the ROSCIUS, SIDONIS, SHERIDAN and GARRICK. To prevent disappointments, notice is hereby given, that contracts for passengers can only be made with them.

My 24-tf.

### NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL LINE OF PACKETS.

**S**AILING from NEW YORK on the 11th, and from LIVERPOOL on the 26th of every month:—

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
Waterloo,	W. H. Allen,	Mar. 11, July 1, Nov. 11.	Ap. 26, Aug. 26, Dec. 26.
John R. Skiddy,	James C. Luce,	Apr. 11, Aug. 11, Dec. 11.	May 26 Sept. 26, Jan. 26.
Stephen Whitney,	C. W. Popham,	May 11, Sept. 11, Jan. 11.	June 26, Oct. 26, Feb. 26.
Virginian,	F. P. Allen,	June 11, Oct. 11, Feb. 11.	July 26, Nov. 26, Mar. 26.

These ships are of the first class, their accommodations being unsurpassed for room, elegance, and convenience. The reputation of their Commanders is well known, and every exertion will be made to promote the comfort of Passengers and the interests of Importers.

The Captains or Owners will not be responsible for any Letters, Parcels, or Packages, sent by them, unless Regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to

ROBERT KERMIT, 76 South Street.

### NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL LINE OF PACKETS.

**S**AILING from NEW YORK on the 6th and from LIVERPOOL on the 21st of each month, excepting that when the day of sailing fall on Sunday the Ship will be dispatched on the succeeding day.

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
Ashburton,	H. Hustleston,	Jan. 6, May 6, Sept. 6, Feb. 21, June 21, Oct. 21.	Feb. 21, June 21, Oct. 21.
Patrick Henry,	J. C. Delano,	Feb. 6, June 6, Oct. 6, Mar. 21, July 21, Nov. 21.	Mar. 21, July 21, Nov. 21.
Independence,	F. P. Allen,	Mar. 6, July 6, Nov. 6, April 21, Aug. 21, Dec. 21.	April 21, Aug. 21, Dec. 21.
Henry Clay.	Era Nye.	April 6, Aug. 6, Dec. 6, May 21, Sept. 21, Jan. 21.	May 21, Sept. 21, Jan. 21.

These ships are of a very superior character; are not surpassed either in point of elegance and comfort of their Cabin accommodations, or for their fast sailing qualities, and offer great inducements to shippers, to whom every facility will be granted.

They are commanded by experienced and able men, whose exertions will always be devoted to the promotion of the convenience and comfort of passengers.

The price of passage outward is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, save Wines and Liquors, which can at all times be obtained upon application to the Stewards.

Neither the Captains or Owners of the Ships will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels, or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to

GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., 78 South-st., or to

CHAPMAN, BOWMAN & Co., Liverpool.

### LONDON LINE PACKETS.

To sail on the 1st, 10th, and 20th of every Month.

**T**HIS LINE OF PACKETS will hereafter be composed of the following Ships, which will succeed each other, in the order in which they are named, sailing punctually from NEW YORK and PORTSMOUTH on the 1st, 10th, and 20th, and from LONDON on the 7th, 17th, and 27th of every month throughout the year, viz.:—

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Portsmouth.
St. James,	F. R. Meyers,	Jan. 1, May 1, Sept. 1	Feb. 20, June 20, Oct. 20
Northumberland,	R. H. Griswold,	10, 10, 10	Mar. 1, July 1, Nov. 1
Gladiator,	R. L. Bunting,	20, 20, 20	10, 10, 10
Mediator,	J. M. Chadwick,	Feb. 1, June 1, Oct. 1	20, 20, 20
Switzerland,	E. Knight,	10, 10, 10	April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1
Quebec,	F. B. Hebard,	20, 20, 20	10, 10, 10
Victoria,	E. E. Morgan,	Mar. 1, July 1, Nov. 1	20, 20, 20
Wellington,	D. Chadwick,	10, 10, 10	May 1, Sept. 1, Jan. 1
Hendrick Hudson	G. Moore,	20, 20, 20	10, 10, 10
Prince Albert	W. S. Sebor,	April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1	20, 20, 20
Toronto,	E. G. Tinker,	10, 10, 10	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1
Westminster.	Hovey.	20, 20, 20	10, 10, 10

These ships are all of the first class, and are commanded by able and experienced navigators! Great care will be taken that the beds, wines, stores, &c., are of the best description.

The price of Cabin passage is now fixed at \$100 onward for each adult, without Wines and Liquors. Neither the Captains or Owners of these Packets will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels, or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. Apply to

GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., 78 South-st., or to

JOHN GRISWOLD, 70 South-st.

### OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

**T**HE OLD LINE OF PACKETS for LIVERPOOL will hereafter be despatched in the following order, excepting that when the sailing day falls on Sunday, the ship will sail on the succeeding day, viz.:—

Ships.	Masters.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
Oxford,	S. Yenton,	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16
Cambridge,	W. C. Barstow,	16, 16, 16	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1
Montezuma, new	A. W. Lowber,	July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1	16, 16, 16
Fidelia, new	W. G. Hackstaff,	16, 16, 16	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1
Europe,	E. G. Furber,	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1	16, 16, 16
New York,	T. B. Cropper,	16, 16, 16	Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 1
Columbia, new	J. Rathbone,	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1	16, 16, 16
Yorkshire, new	D. G. Bailey.	16, 16, 16	Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1

These Ships are not surpassed in point of elegance or comfort in their Cabin accommodations